

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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5 CENTS A COPY

RANDOM THINKS

BY A. L. PACH



COLORADO SPRINGS!

My, but wasn't it the "greatest ever" in the convention line. Without the benefit of an exposition, with low railroad rates and all such accelerators, as was the case at Chicago and at St. Louis, and, yet again, at Norfolk, the Colorado meeting achieved the highest membership record save St. Louis, and almost equalled that.

But it was a Veditz convention. This battle-scarred veteran is a born leader of men,



MR. AND MRS. STRAY STRAWS
(Council Bluffs, Iowa.)

and his personality wins out every time. Watch him on the platform. Did you ever see a man so eloquent and yet so simple in his method. Before he says a single word the expression on his face tells you his mood, and his audience is with him right off. He was on the platform much of the time, for, what with presiding and heading the Local Committee and having at his finger ends the reports of most of the committees, he was preeminently "it" all the way through.

We first caught sight of him in Denver. Denver, you must know, is nearly a hundred miles away from Colorado Springs, and Denver is the big gateway to the Convention City. Most of us landed there on Saturday, and the Denver Deaf Society had helped out a little, and the Colorado Springs Local Committee spent over \$150 to make the opening event notable. We all seemed to land at Denver from every point of the compass at the right time, and the first thing we saw was President Veditz filling the sight-seeing autos and giving



A PARTY OF NEW YORKERS ASCENDING MT. MANITOU

the glad hand of welcome under the big arch at the Union Station that bids you

WELCOME

when you come and extends the beautiful MIZPAH

sentiment when you leave.

We saw delightful Denver, and saw it thoroughly, and the reception afterward enabled us to say the proper "hello's" and renew old acquaintance over the luncheon at the splendid hostelry, and then we were off for the last lap of our long journey. Let us digress a bit.

We New Yorkers covered nearly four thousand, five hundred miles each. We had every advantage of the highest development of modern railway travel. Our Pullman coaches were hauled through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Canada, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado. We were at one time or another on Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley, New York Central, Grand Trunk, Chicago Rock Island and Pacific and Denver and Rio Grande railways, but right here and now let it be said that the Rocky Mountain Limited of the Rock Island line is the finest thing on wheels; the "Mauretania of the Rail." The train is solid steel, from the massive engine, the tourist sleeper, the diner, the Pullman sleepers to the observation car. Nothing is left undone to secure comfort, and you dine most any time of the day or night on the best in the land at very

moderate prices. Eggs, cream, milk and such supplies are put on fresh from the farm, and everything is served in the best of style, with prices lower and service better than on the other lines. At many stations stock market reports, baseball scores, news bulletins are posted. In the salon of the observation car concerts are given on a powerful Victor machine. American Beauty roses are distributed to the ladies. A stenographer will take your dictation, or you can write yourself at cosy desks on splendid stationery supplied by



MR. K. OWYANG, VICE CONSUL OF CHINA
(San Francisco)
HARRIET SIMPSON
(South Dakota)

the porter. There is a barber and valet, and with all this is a crew of picked men in direct charge of the train who lend every effort to ensure your comfort.

We had been in Iowa and Nebraska a week (and of this more anon) and forty-five of us were waiting in the Council Bluffs station of the Rock Island line (for a small city Council Bluffs is a banner railroad town, as nearly every line has its own station; there are eight of them, so when you are in Council Bluffs riding on a trolley, you will pass "the depot" every few minutes). Promptly on time the searchlight of the Rocky Mountain Limited lights the yards up, and we find that there are forty more delegates already on the train who have come through from Chicago, and though a good many of them have retired we find many friends who, from that time on, make the trip over the plains a great delight, and probably make another record for bigness as to number and length of journey as one party.

Who is on? Everybody—Long, Howard, Hodgson, Fox, Spear, Flick, and so on and on. It is long after midnight before the cafe of the Observation car is deserted, and when we wake up next morning we are travelling through Kansas, and we know why they call it by the various names of commiseration. The soil looks so poor; the farms so unprofitable; even the grazing land does not look as if the cattle could scare up a decent living. For miles and miles and miles there are only the prairie dogs and now and then a few herds. How different from Iowa and even Nebraska, though Nebraska is not so very much superior to Kansas.

After an all night ride, and riding all morning we reach Denver at one o'clock, and see the Rockies in the distances, just a taste of what is to come. My, but we are "some from home" now. Straight north of us is Wyoming, west of us are Utah, Nevada and California and the Pacific ocean. South of us, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas.

After leaving Denver all the monotony is over. We are 5198 feet above sea level at Denver, and every foot of the rest of the way is up grade, and it takes two powerful engines to pull the train, and they don't make very fast time either. We pass Fort Logan, Castle Rock, Palmer Lake, (which lake, by the way, is so delicately balanced that one end of it empties into the Platte River (north) and the other end into the Arkansas), Glen Park and Pine Crest are passed and we reach our destination, the name of which has been ringing in our ears, for so long a time; Colorado Springs at last, two and a half hours from Denver, and the better part of it in the dark.

At the Alamo, rooms are secured, and the big lobby presents a scene that from convention standpoint has never been equalled. Here are the choice of America's Deaf, largely western, *mostly western* I might say, but such an aggregation of cultured men and women! Worth going many thousand miles to meet, see and know.

Next morning is Sunday.

Tired out with the ride from Omaha, and the excitement of the day in Denver, and the evening at the hotel, with a lame arm from hundreds of greetings, it is a few minutes before I am wide awake, and then a look out of my bedroom window, and there before me is Pike's Peak!

Wide awake now, you can venture!

Oh you famous old Pike's Peak.

Old friend of my little first geography days at school, nearly forty years ago. My, but you old Pike's Peak, you are more sublime



NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO, AUG 1910

Pach Photo.

than the pictures portray you. You are grander, bigger higher, more majestic, lovelier, more awe-inspiring than the many pen portrayals. On all this continent there is nothing like you. Some reach higher up, but none are grander.

But the ascent, and the view after the summit is reached, are even more thrilling than the sight from the hotel window. The cog wheel route from Manitou, eight miles from Colorado Springs, takes one up over eight miles of winding track in ninety minutes and the fare is \$5.00, and worth every cent of it. It was August tenth when we made the trip. Say, but it was hot.

That is, it was hot in Colorado Springs, and in Manitou, these places being only a matter of 6000 feet high, but half way up the Peak things begun to change. As we neared the top a hailstorm came up, and this was so thick the ground soon became covered with snow. The cold became intense. Lips turned blue and faces white. Breathing became harder and there was a sense of gasping for breath, and a fear that the next one might not come. And, finally, the summit is reached, and one becomes overwhelmed with the panorama that is spread out before him. Before you lay sixty thousand square miles of earth. I quote from the local railroad's folder and you can read it while we are in the little inn on the summit getting hot coffee, which we need, and then for a snowball frolic.

"Here is sublimity; here is immensity incredible! There, to the west, stand a thousand towering peaks in spotless white—majestic, beautiful, awful. On the east a mighty ocean of plain, superb and placid, stretches infinite. The eye is strained, the senses dazed, in grasping the proportions of that stupendous sea. And the sun shines golden on its glimmering sands, while purple shadows wander here and there beneath the shifting clouds. There are nearer things to view, but they must wait. Who has gazed from that sublime eyrie without emotions deep and thrilling; and who has not borne away impressions strange and indefinable, but indellible as well? Here, where infinitude is so vividly portrayed, he who knows not reverence will bow his head. Aroused at last from awesome contemplation, there are interests of the summit that must not be overlooked. Upon top of the new Summit Hotel is a steel tower and powerful field glasses through which the gorgeous landscape may be studied in detail. Eighty miles away to the north Denver can be recognized by the telescopic aid; to the south, Pueblo, the Pittsburg of the West, crowned by the smoke-clouds of its furnace fires; to the west Cripple Creek, Victor, Goldfield, Independence, and the dozen lesser towns of the busy Cripple Creek gold mining district. Manitou peeps out from its nest at the eastern base of the mountain; and, beyond, Colorado Springs lies like a vast checker-board on the border of the plain. Colorado Springs is fourteen miles distant, as a bird would fly; yet so near does the glass bring it to the observer, that signs on the stores may be read. The top of the peak comprises several level acres thickly strewn with big rocks that are principally in cubes and other rectangular shapes. One might easily imagine it to be the scene of some Titanic building project—the materials all assembled but construction abandoned. The Bottomless Pit and the Abyss of Desolation are great shuddering rents in the mountain, into which the sun never finds its way, and where the snows of centuries lie in un conjectured depths."

In the matter of these tremendous figures, they lose their significance, but comparisons tell an interesting story. The Peak is nearly three miles above sea level. In New York we have the Singer building as a monument of immensity, yet it is only seven hundred feet high, and it would take over twenty of the Singer building, laid one on top of another, to reach up in the air as high as Pike's Peak. From the city of Colorado Springs, the Peak



A BURRO PARTY OFF FOR THE GARDEN OF GODS

Pach Photo.

Left to Right—Greener, Ohio; Mrs. Pyne, Colo; Miss Schoenberger, Penn.; Mrs. Heyman, N. Y.; Mr. Hodgson, N.Y.; Mr. Waters, Cal.; Mr. Heyman, N. Y.; Mr. Frankenheim, N. Y.; Mr. Kohlman, N. Y.

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Pach Photo. IOWA ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, AUG., 1910

is a mile and a half up in the air, or the equivalent of twelve Singer buildings.

Every foot of the way up and down, the engine gives a jerky push to the train, due to the safety cogs, and this is a novelty at first and tiresome at last. When we got back to Manitou, as if we had not done enough mountain touring, we went up Mount Manitou in an inclined car, which goes straight up in the air for a mile and the sensation is more pleasing than the ascent of Pike's Peak. The ride only costs a dollar, (our badge cut the tariff in half). This ride is only a local feature, that is, it is not a world-famed one, yet it is one of the real thrillers.

Speaking of badges, besides the official N. A. D. badges, many states had their own badges, and this made things picturesque. Kansas had long yellow ones with the word KANSAS in black. Iowa wore black and white; Minnesota had blue letters on white field, many were really beautiful, and some were hastily gotten up. South Dakota took the prize with its

* I AM OUT FOR THE TIME OF *
* MY LIFE *
* When I can't stand, tie this to my *
* button hole, steal my pocket-book *
* wind my watch, sponge my clothes *
* kick me hard and ship me home to *
* SOUTH DAKOTA *
* The State of *
* SUSNINE AND PROSPERITY *
* My name is..... *
* Residence..... *
* Keep this out of the newspaper. Tell *
* my relatives it was an old stomach trou- *
* ble. *
* ***** *

Treasurer Regensburg of the Moving Picture fund got up a lot with

* My name is *
* *
* What is yours? *
* *
* And on the other side *
* *
* I am from *
* *
* Where are you from *
* ? *
* *
* ***** *

In Council Bluffs the street car that takes you three miles out to the Institute (I remember with what joy the Iowa people and the *Iowa Hawkeye* hailed their coming, and I readily appreciate the cause for their rejoicing) carry a sign board on the front of the car announcing the destination:

IOWA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

and over in Omaha things are cut shorter, for the car that takes you out to the suburb where Principal Stewart gives you the glad hand and shows you over his domain with such commendable pride, carry a sign stating—

DEAF INSTITUTE

but in Colorado Springs, when we took the trolley from the hotel, after a bit of a walk down Tejon street, (streets are named Huerfano, Wahsatch, etc., after the Indian nomenclature) the street cars that ran up the slight incline to Mr. Argo's beautiful buildings, and still more beautiful grounds, simply bore the one word:

INSTITUTE

This narrowing down of proportions had other instances. Now, in Council Bluffs, one may not linger in the hotel (or any other cafe for that matter) later than ten o'clock. After that Council Bluffs is good. But in Omaha they go them two hours better and close up the wicked drinking places at eight o'clock

sharp, but if you happen to be dining at a hotel you may stock up with all you need, that is, if you start the process before eight.

In Colorado Springs, still better, for they don't have dram shops there, not at any price, though Colorado City is only five cents away by trolley, and Manitou ten cents by the same method, yet few availed themselves, as most every body elected to be temperance for the time being, though sundry moves to sundry places with an O.K. card from some one, brought those who wanted what they wanted, going to show how prohibition doesn't prohibit so as you would notice it.

Pretty near time to get to the Convention, and we get to it on the car previously alluded to, and if you walk straight up the path you reach on entering the Colorado Institute grounds, you will hit the Administration building, and probably run up against the two biggest and finest Great Danes one ever laid eyes on. These monster dogs are as good natured as kittens, and much more obedient. Mr. Argo seems to be their one object in life, and he doesn't make a move that they do not note—more, they want to go where he goes. I met Lottie Sullivan there, and her ability to distinguish even those she has not seen for years is a marvel, but even allowing that this is done by the sense of smell, its an eighth wonder to understand how she remembers the individual odors and whom they belong to. Miss Sullivan does not seem to be blind, and she has no appearance of sightlessness. By the way, she is able to differentiate between the two big Great Danes by feeling their heads, and as presumably all dogs smell alike, the wonder grows as to how she does it.

Mr. and Mrs. Argo give such cordial greetings that one feels at home at once, and after you have dined at the family table, as I did, on several occasions, you will know what Kentucky hospitality means. Mr. and Mrs. Argo are Kentuckians, or rather were.

Mr. Argo introduces the Chinese Consul and Vice-Consul, and President and Mrs. Humphrey of the Institute Board (all of us were pained to learn that the latter named lady died soon after the convention).

Soon all adjourn to the Institution chapel and the business of the Ninth Convention is under way.

The details were published in full in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, and the other weekly papers gave considerable space to it, as there need be no repetition here, and this is only a rambling comment on the Convention, and the side issues.

◆
"239."

That last Saturday night we spent at the



Pach Photo NEBRASKA ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, OMAHA, AUG., 1910

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*First Picture — THE SILENT
WORKER REPRESENTATIVE
SHOWING THE PAPER TO
FOUR TEXAS BEAUTIES*

*Second Picture — IN STRAT-
TON PARK*



Alamo, I had several summons served on me, mostly by Southerners, but not always. The first one came from big brother Jones of Georgia. He slipped his fist out of sight behind his coat where none but I could see, and "whispered" "Come to room 239 at half-past ten." I said I would.

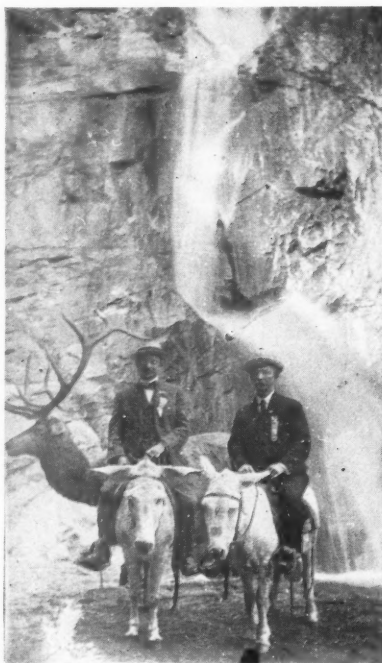
After having had this tip handed me several times I got keen to know more about the doings to be, in 239. Half-past ten rolled around and there was a procession to 239. There were several hosts, goodies were handed around, then perfectos and delicacies of one kind and another, but the talk ran to Atlanta, and though the Southern people did not seem to be behind the "239" meet yet some how or other as I wended my way to my own room, late, very late that night, I wondered if those clever chaps hadn't been launching the Atlanta boom in very novel and original style.

Well, I guess, so would you if you saw how the fifty or more delegates from the land below Mason and Dixon's line whooped things up. They worked hard, and ought to win.

Omaha wants it too, but Omaha is too near Colorado Springs to make it fit in 1913. 1916 for Omaha's.

Speaking of Omaha, it has splendid hotels, imposing buildings, and is an ideal Convention City, but hasn't reached anywhere near its growth. Among other things I saw in Omaha was the Swift Packing Plant. There were a dozen or so of us who made the tour, and it certainly was worth while. A guide took us through, and even the ladies kept up their nerve at some of the sights that were not exactly pleasant. They had just finished the morning's work on the beeves, and from the atmosphere of a hot August day in sultry South Omaha, we went into a monster refrigerator and shivered as we walked along row after row of freshly dressed beef. There were three thousand carcasses hung in the vast ice box, one hundred rows, of thirty carcasses (split and dressed) to the row. Out of all these, Government inspectors had passed all but two, which, with the condemned tags on them hung where they could not only be seen, but the odor told their story as well. We were shown the process of boning, boiling, smoking, packing, wrapping and shipping hams, and end up in the department that turns a living sheep, or lamb, into the dressed article ready for the market, as "Spring Lamb," though it may be lamb, ram, sheep or mutton. A long run way leads to a point where two men, assisted by a tame goat, catch the sheep by a hind leg with a type of "foot-cuff," that enables them to throw the animal onto an endless chain that carries him headdown and helpless to a butcher, who, with one stroke of the knife, severs the jugular vein, and then in less than three minutes the animal, still

and always on the endless moving chain, is dressed, or I should say, undressed, and receives some quick attention from thirty different men, stationed a foot apart, each of whom does some task different from the other. In three minutes all the work of transforming a living animal into fancy dressed lamb, ready for the market. It doesn't seem as repellant as one would suppose, and though you stand for fifteen minutes watching the work, during which a lamb is killed every fifteen seconds,



SIX BROTHERS

Two Silent Worker, Two Frats, Two Burros

it is all done so rapidly, and so cleanly, that it all passes off as a matter of mere business and necessity. I got off a joke here, on my good friend A. R. Spear, maker of the Spear plan, and father of the Axling boom. Mr. Spear had been talking Spear plan ever since he joined us at the hotel in Omaha, and he had been talking Axling, too, at the ratio of three Spear plan to one Axling boom. By the way, Spear and Axling. What a deadly combination!

I suggested to the Chesterfieldian Spear that I hoped our trip through the Swift plant was not prophetic, inasmuch as the Swift plan was to Spear the animal in the neck, and all was over. Query: Would the Spear plan get a swift jab, but what's the use, plans did not go at Colorado Springs. That sort of work should be done by the Executive Committee. We five hundred hadn't travelled 450,000 miles and spent a little matter of \$100,000 to

sit down and listen to plan arguments, now had we?

But back to our mutton, literally this time.

Furnishing food for the people isn't the only work of the abattoir. Everything is utilized, as the old saying goes, except the animal's final squeal. But after soaps, perfumes, tooth powder, lymph, harness, saddles, jewelry, buttons, etc., are, among other essentials to modern surgery, such as Pepsin, Pancreatin, Parotid, Supracapsulin, Suprarenals, Mammary substance, Thyroids, Thymus. These remedies cover a wide field, and the goat lymph, for instance, is now looming up as a hopeful cure for the hitherto incurable locomotor ataxia.

Take the Supracapsulin. As furnished to physicians it is a chloride solution, one part to one thousand parts water. It is used (with cocaine) for painless dentistry and for restricting the flow of blood in operations on the eye, ear and nose, and for hemorrhages of the bronchial tubes, lungs, stomach and bowels. This one agent is a wonderful astringent, blood pressure and heart stimulant, and is used with great success in Asthma, Antral Infection, Conjunctivitis, Coryza, Eczema, Epistaxis, Hayfever, etc., etc.

The Cudahy Co., in South Omaha, put up a little box of eight samples for physicians' use that covers all that I have mentioned, which, by no means, exhausts the list.

We "tenderfooters" came to know the little burros quite intimately, but it wasn't till after my sixth trip on board one that I was told how to select one that would go faster than a walk. A young lady who had been raised on a ranch taught me how to tell by the animal's ear. I don't think it matters much one way or the other, for I found the little cusses would only run when there was a big flock of them together, and on a narrow trail when passing vehicles they would all try to squeeze through at one time, and in this way ensure to their rider barked and scraped legs when they came in contact with trees, other riders and other burros. My last ride was a chase up the North Canon of Seven Falls, and all the others had gone ahead of me. Armed by experience I thought I had a brand new remedy, and an extra stout whip. The remedy was a half dozen cubes of sugar that I had swiped from the picnic lunch when Mr. Argo and President Hall were not looking. I started from Stratton Park full of confidence in my ability to enjoy a nice ride, but Mr. Burro did not see it that way. In the first place he did not want to go away at all, and when he did decide to go, he wanted to go to the South Canon, and I had been there in the morning (maybe I am mixed on the two canons) and, after a while, he decided he would go where I wanted him to, but would take his own time about it, and a burro is very

liberal in his estimates along these lines. Tourists passed me on foot, and in carryalls and now and then pushed him along for a little ways. Finally, I thought of the sugar, dismounted and gave Mr. Burro two and then got on again, but the effect was negative, as he did not care to go any more than he had before, so I disembarked again and fed him all the rest of the lumps I had, and I think he winked at me as much as to say "try me again," and I did so, and it was even so, for he went at his old pace, but slower, by reason of the fact that he turned around every now and then to see if there was any more activity in the sugar market. There wasn't, but coming back with a party of delegates we all raced, and my animal saved me from humiliation by not being the last—he was next to last, though, and while there was no speedometer available, I think he did the distance at the rate of a mile an hour, though this may be an extravagant hazard, perhaps it was a mile in two hours. The burro that rests under such a heavy St. Louis Cloud in the group picture with me, is "Old Dick," who is 46 years old, and the oldest known burro in Colorado. He was used in transporting supplies by the U. S. Signal Corps when Pike's Peak was used as a signal station. He is the identical burro mentioned by Helen Hunt Jackson, whose first grave is so close by "Old Dick's" present quarters.

As a picnic feast wasn't that one in Stratton Park pavilion the finest ever? I defy any of the 450 diners, (on that day twenty-five people made the Midland trip, and ten went to Cripple Creek, and still others went up the Peak, so this fixes the attendance at pretty close to 500) to say me nay.

But to the dinner.

In the first place, it was served by the most distinguished corps of attendants I ever saw in such a capacity, and it included President and Mrs. Hall, President and Mrs. Humphrey, Principal and Mrs. Argo, and yet others, and the Vice-Consul for China and myself carried dainties to a quartet of Texas beauties, and one each from Seattle, South Dakota and Minnesota, tho' we were mere servitors not part of the elect who served behind the tables. The food was as neat and clean as it could possibly be, and more than plentiful. The arrangements were ideal. You went the length of a very long table, on which was arranged the articles, comprising the following

MENU

Radishes	Back Leg of Pig	Olives
Nut Sandwiches	Potato Shavings	Jam Sandwiches
Buttered Sandwiches	Sliced Staff of Life	
Hot Dog	Boiled Cackleberries	
Pickles	Cheese	
Tea Cakes	Coffee	

One started with a wooden plate and the above named corps of attendants filled your plate as you went along and at the end, you got your napkin, a bottle of Manitou Champagne and a cup of coffee. After the four hundred and fifty finished eating there was plenty left, and this after the good Coloradoans had gone around urging everybody to make the trip along the line of goodies a second time. Not only was everything clean and inviting, but the quality of every dainty was superb. I will venture that my good friend the Chinese Vice-Consul, some day, when he is his country's Ambassador to some European Court, will recall, with delight, his happy time at the Stratton Park food-fest. The Vice-Consul, by the way, speaks excellent English, wears modish clothes from San Francisco's most modish tailors; does not wear a cue and

is in almost all respects a good citizen of the country he resides in. His chief, the Consul General, Mr. Li Yung Yu, sticks to native costume, Mandarin's button and all, but the Vice-Consul, Mr. K. Owyang, is a bully good type of Chinese-American. At the banquet Mr. Owyang made his address in splendid signs, and if we had not all known the facts none of us would have believed he had learned so much in a few hours. I hope it will be my good fortune to meet both these gentlemen again.

Wasn't Mr. Elstum, the Alamo hotel man, (and his staff of half a dozen behind the desk) the finest type of hotel host ever? You only had to suggest that you wanted something, and it was yours at once. The host was a



F. P. GIBSON.

genuine good fellow and his staff "tip-top-pers." The Alamo is all to the good as a home for the traveller, and they treated us bully. It was a stiff problem that they were up against in finding rooms to suit all those people, at the several prices all those people cared to pay, and to equip them with the right sort of room, with the right number of beds, but the Alamo did the business and there was never a kick.

Now it came to pass that the day after the Convention opened with such a big boom, the first of the outings came, and everybody went to the Garden of the Gods; Cave of the Winds; Ute Pass; Rainbow Falls, etc. However, this trip at this time was not for me, as I had to stay in town and put in two hours in the early morning getting up proofs, that a great many were anxious to see. All my work was done by ten A. M. and then I wondered if there was any way of catching the "bunch" anywhere, and just as I had concluded I was in for a day "all by my lonesome," I ran square into Supt. Argo. When I told him how the exigencies of the moment had made me "loner," he told me, in effect, that I had another guess coming to me, and without more ado he loaded me into his carriage and that was the beginning of one of my happiest days in the West, for Mrs. Argo was also glad to have an "orphaned delegate" to dinner, and after dinner, with President Hall, of Gallaudet College, we were off on a

trip of inspection behind a spanking team of Kentucky thoroughbreds. First we drove over the Institution farm to the stables where an ailing horse caused Mr. Argo some concern (En Passant, his directors would give him a big motor car if he wanted it, but it would mean no carriage team, and Mr. Argo being a Kentucky gentleman loves his horses, so there is no automobile in the Institution stables). We then went through the dairy and the process of cooling and caring for the milk given by the large Institution herd was explained to us. After this we drove to the Union Printers' Home, and when we drove back to town we were just in time to get in out of the afternoon shower.

By the way, they had something on this order each afternoon we were there. Sunday it was only a bluff of a wind storm that swept the streets clean, but on the following days, there was something doing by Jupiter Pluvius, probably by order of G. W. V., each afternoon, except on the Picnic day.

From Mr. Argo's front piazza you get a fascinating view of Pike's Peak, and one you never weary of. The SILENT WORKER representative and Gallaudet's young and honored President were together alone for an hour, and I would take a look at the Peak, and then ask him something I wanted to know, then he would look at the Peak and reply. Then it would be my turn to look at the Peak and frame another query. Then again he would glance up Pikeward and answer. Now, the Peak is an old story to him, as Mrs. Hall's home is right in Colorado Springs; but familiar as it is to him, he probably sees something new every time he looks up.

This is where the Peak differs from Niagara Falls. The Falls get to be tiresome, and after a while you lose interest, but that Peak that Zebulon Pike ascended is always a new delight.

Speaking of cows, Mr. Rothert, of the Iowa school, has a herd of nearly thirty, and all blooded animals of high degree. Recently the State Inspector had occasion to look them over officially and found them perfect as to health, and not only that but the finest herd in the State of Iowa, and that pleased Mr. Rothert mightily, for he takes pride in all these things, both big and little.

Once upon a time the Missouri River went off on a "bender," and when she got sobered up and back to her proper bed, she left a big sheet of water that has been a bone of contention between Iowa and Nebraska. Iowa has it though, and they call it Lake Manawa. Its surroundings are typical of the summer resorts you find near the big cities away from the Seaboard. Little Coney Islands in their way, but sweet and clean where the real Coney is not any too sweet, and yet not clean. Omahans have to go to Council Bluffs, and then half way out to the Institution to reach this delightful resort, but they do not seem to mind that. At the joint picnic, a complimentary dinner of excellent quality and limitless quantities was served at one monster "L" shaped table, the longer side being filled with Iowans and their guests, and the shorter with the Nebraskans.

By and by, I will get to the story of the Council Bluffs, but one thing I want to say now is that I like the sane ways your Iowan shows on a hot day in summer when Convention business is going on. He don't bother about coat or vest, but just takes the platform without these encumbrances and keeps as nearly cool as he can.

Before we leave here, for the time being, a little incident will serve to show how kind Providence cares for drunken men, and fools.

Returning from Lake Manawa after dark, a party of us alighted at Rothert Junction, (maybe that's not its name, but it's the place where you have to leave the Lake cars to get one Institution bound). A drunken man appeared from nowhere in particular and sat down on the rails and went to sleep. We saw him in time to prevent his being killed, and Tony Schroeder, the biggest man in the party, took Mr. Drunk in his care, shook him up to wake him and then put him on the next car, in care of the conductor. When our car came, there was Mr. Drunk, a bit drunker than before, but still ignorant of what he was doing, where he was going or why, or how.

There have been several criticisms of the unusually long papers and speeches. Entirely just, too, for there is no excuse whatever for not boiling things down. Surely, a convention should not be punished hour after hour with tedious repetitions of what every body knows, and what will never be acted on. The five-minute rule worked splendid, and even the debaters smiled when the Chair walked over and counted the speaker out when the 300 seconds had elapsed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson had their children with them, and Mrs. Hanson was tremendously in earnest in wanting her husband elected. I haven't the slightest doubt but that she made his election sure. The little Hansons were popular and much admired. I don't know when there has been such an interesting family together at one of our meetings.

The hotels, railroads and sights must have made the convention and its side features and all an expensive one, the total cost of all expenditures must have come close to \$100,000, which is going some, so to speak.

After President Allabough's address at the Gallaudet Alumni meeting, General MacGregor, of Ohio, got up and very solemnly stated that the President had made a serious error in his address, and then demonstrated that when the President referred to Pike's Peak, he had placed it in the wrong direction and gravely pointed out the true geographical lay of the land. This brought forth a hearty laugh which was heightened a moment later when Prof. Long, of Iowa, took the floor and called attention to the rule that barred non-members of the Association from taking part in the proceedings. This took the laugh away from President Allabough and put it on the genial MacGregor, who dived down for his purse and pulled forth three dollars to restore him to the roll.

The Congress was notable in that the delegates sent out more postals than all previous gatherings of the body put together. The writing-room was always crowded with postal despatchers and some sent out a hundred or more. Good postals could be had at the hotel for fifteen cents a dozen, and outside the price was ten cents per dozen, and one establishment sold a very good card at five cents for the dozen. In Omaha the price was stiff at two for five cents. In Council Bluffs we all used Institute cards and they were reasonable in price.

I think the New Yorkers enjoyed the "night of pictures" more than the other people did, though the pictures were an old story to them. But the keen delight of seeing Fanwood's parade ground and the clever cadet corps executing their manoeuvres and the Butts Drill, and Prof. William G. Jones almost in the flesh while nearly five hundred of the very cream

of the Deaf of the United States gazed in amazed admiration and awe, surely did cause the New York breast to swell with pride, and to bring forth that ill-concealed glory in achievement in something, apart from us, yet in which we, as Fanwood graduates, felt a proprietary interest.

Before the Los Angeles pictures were shown, the very big gentleman from Los Angeles and Venice, the redoubtable O. H. R., apologized for them, but it turned out that there was nothing to apologize for. Mr. Regensberg started to explain the significance of each picture when it was thrown on the screen; but now and then he was stumped for a title, and there were many good laughs.

There wasn't the slightest mishap to any train on which any delegate travelled, but the New York party going, was held up by a



OLOF HANSON
President.

wreck on the Grand Trunk, and the train on which I returned made a detour around a freshly-made freight wreck near Limon that would have been ugly were a passenger train involved. Our crew from Suspension Bridge to Chicago on the Grand Trunk was made up of strike-breakers, and the conductor and brakeman of the train certainly looked tough enough to take care of themselves in a scrimmage. At the stations where the train stopped strikers jeered them; but they only smiled and significantly moved their coat tails to display big guns they carried and they were not molested. We had some ticklish experiences, due to the strike and green crews, and got to Chicago three hours late, but that was no deterrent to the reception awaiting me from Brother "frats" (and a sister "frat," too) when we reached Dearborn Station. Eight days after the New Yorkers returned, the Pullman car they had occupied, attached to the same train on the Grand Trunk was cut in two, and nearly twenty of the passengers were killed.

Matt McCook entertained a parlorfull of his Iowa fraters during the Council Bluffs convention. Mr. McCook tells stories like the late lamented and talented Boland of West Virginia. It's not so much the tale he tells, but the funny way he tells it. One, in particular, that he claims is true was about a young deaf girl who had asked her parents' permission to visit an aunt, on her way home at the close of school. The girl was not particularly bright as to her use of English, and when she alighted at the Des Moines station, her first visit to the city, and her first journey

alone, she was proud of her success as a traveler. Alighting at the station she went up to a cabman, and taking out pad and pencil, inquired of cabby:

"How much charge take me to my aunt home?"

"Where does your aunt live?"

"No 3456 Capital Ave."

"Fifty cents."

"All right, how much charge, take trunk?"

"Nothing, trunk free."

"(After a long pause). All right, you take trunk, I walk."

Sounds rather flat in cold print, perhaps, but funny as Mr. McCook tells it.

In Iowa they use a shake of the closed fist, in imitation of an affirmative shake of the head for "yes." We, easterners, took to it at once, and it became the slang joke of the convention. A little thing in itself, but we got a good deal of fun out of it. There are quite a number of other sign variations met with in the west. Now, Wisconsin people make the letter "Y," hold it right under the nose, move it up and down from west to east and back again, the little finger and the thumb being the goal posts and the other fingers not touching the nose, but just a shade below it, and there have the sign for handkerchief.

Your Uncle Jay Cooke Howard from the Zenith City has local pride plus. If he could hear he'd either be Mayor of Duluth, or representative in Congress from the Duluth district. On the train some hearing travelers found out where he was from, and just as soon as they showed interest in Unsalted sea-ville, there was Jay, as Johnny-on-the-Spot, with a pile of panoramic photographs, and soon he had an enraptured audience drinking in the glories of Duluth. There's enterprise for you. One night at the Alamo, when the lobby had become pretty well emptied, the hour being near one A.M. Jay and I were off by ourselves, and as several years had elapsed since we had met, of course there was plenty to talk about, and as Jay outtalks me, he did nearly all the talking, and he is a "Class A No. 1" raconteur. After awhile I begun to yawn, but did it as polite as I knew how, for it had been a long day, filled with go, and I simply could not shake off the sleepy desire. But Jay was interesting, and when your opportunities to talk with Duluth's Pride are limited to a few hours every three years or so, of course, you want to hang on and get all you can. Finally the clock hands showed nearly two, and I had to say to him that it was time for us to be going up to bed. Then I found the joke was on me. No bed for Jay that night, as he was taking a party up Pike's Peak on the two-thirty A. M. trolley to see the sun rise from the summit. Come again, Jay, I'll stay awake longer any time to be entertained by you.

MacGregor, in his response at the Banquet, spoke of the fact that Colorado Springs wasn't in the wild and wooly west any more, though when he first went there as a teacher, it was both wild and wooly. All the miles we easterners travelled we saw no wildness to the west, excepting such little things as the open sale of brass knuckles and other forbidden (in the east) weapons. We saw herders on the plains, but they were wore big brimmed straw hats. However, in all my travels I saw no sombrero or cow-boy headgear till my return east, when one appeared at Ulmer Park, which is in New York City, worn by a young gentleman who has been as far west as Newark, N. J., but if you saw him on Broadway, you would say to yourself, "there's some one from Dakota."

There aren't any springs at Colorado Springs. At least if there are I did not see any of them though I had all I wanted, aye, more, of the Soda and Iron springs at Manitou. By this time every one had his and her own drinking cup, and it is a wise precaution to carry your own. When a railroad train hits Kansas, Oklahoma, or South Dakota, the porters remove and lock up all the drinking cups on the train, and when you go to the water tank you find a placard announcing that under the law of the state you are riding through the company is forbidden to furnish drinking cups, so if you are very thirsty, and haven't a cup, it is the cafe of the observation car for yours, and the man in charge will furnish drinks almost as good as water. In Prohibition states they are very strict, and the law is observed to the letter.

Among the interesting things in the Industrial exhibit, (which I fear did not get the attention it merited), was a display of photographs in carbon, all the work of Mr. Fawcner, of Cairo, Ill. A man of his talent ought not confine his ability to so restricted a field as Cairo, and in time he will make his mark as a crack-ajack photographer in one of the big towns. Mr. Fawcner was accompanied by Mrs. Fawcner, and they were among the most interesting people to meet and to know who were present. Mr. Fawcner's business has been so good that they treated themselves to the Colorado trip, and then went to the Pacific Coast for more recreation and pleasure before buckling down to the winter work at Cairo.

Mr. and Mrs. Veditz gave a dinner one night to a party of friends; it was just a real dinner without speeches or ceremony. The Veditz's closed their house and left the famous Veditz Hen Plant in the hands of a caretaker and moved to the Alamo to be right in the midst of all that was going on. As a general thing G. W. took his meals only because Mrs. Veditz made him and between each course he was busy writing, reading, thinking, etc., but on the evening of the dinner he, for once, put everything else aside and I think that this tableful of people who represented all sections of the country, got off some of the best and brightest things ever. I know, at any rate, that our end, at which Mrs. Veditz presided, enjoyed one of the rarest of rare treats, and Mrs. Veditz deserves the compliments paid her attesting to her grace as hostess. Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Jackson, and other ladies, made it an intellectual feast as well.

Mrs. Jackson is the lady who edits the *Southern Optimist*, and she made many friends, not only for her self and her publication, but for her city. With all the booming Atlanta got, it ought to win, and I think Mrs. Jackson was the real head of the movement.

In Iowa I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who hails from Nodaway, in that state, and in Omaha I met another from Sleeper, Cherokee Co., Oklahoma, and, strange to say, yet another from Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, and all were bright, wide awake men.

At the Iowa convention, one of the most interested spectators hardly understood a word of what took place. He was a fine specimen of manhood, six-foot four, built solid as a rock, so to speak, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on him. He lost his hearing late in life, and while he learned to use the manual alphabet very well, he never learned anything of signs. The proceedings were not a bore to him; on the contrary, he took in

everything, and I think will make a strenuous endeavor to acquire this literally visible speech.

There were nine clergymen in attendance at Colorado, and they were a fine body of men. Father McCarthy, of New York, made what I judge, was the finest oratorical effort of his life on the Colorado chapel platform. He put himself wholly into the effort, and was terribly in earnest and earnestly sincere. Outside the rain fell in torrents, and the lightning was voluminously violent and the whole made his rendition dramatically realistic. He brought a message from the great head of his Church and he delivered it in fitting style.

Of the other clergymen present, it was a toss up as to whether Rev. Mr. Cloud, or the Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, helped along the meeting most, but both of them are always "on the job" early and late. Mr. Hasenstab in his usual place, the front right hand seat in



OSCAR H. REGENBERG
Sec. Treasurer

the center, with a little table in front of him, keeping tabs on everything, and now and then getting in a motion for an amendment. Rev. Mr. Flick preferred to enjoy the proceedings without taking any part, and ex-President, the Reverend J. M. Koehler, preferred to sit way back and look on. Father Moeller enjoyed himself as a spectator. Mr. Michaels, as Vice-President, demonstrated himself more than ever the Southern gentleman of the old school. Mr. Allabough, as the head of the Gallaudet alumni, with his long experience, at the head of the Pennsylvania Association, came armed with a long President's address, but was able to condense here and there and finished good and strong.

The Rev. J. J. Middleton, of the Methodist Church, was present at the Iowa meeting, but did not go to Colorado. Mr. Middleton is an old New Yorker, and was for many years in mercantile lines, but some years ago he became a clergyman, and though little heard of outside his state, does much work in Iowa, and is a fine type of man to know. He makes his home at Cedar Falls, and his two daughters are both in college.

Twenty-five years ago, the most hospitable home in New York was that of the Wineburgs, and New Yorkers enjoyed many happy social events there. After the death of their

daughter, Miss Ella, the family moved West, and the New Yorkers' meeting with their old friend Wineburg, when they met him in Omaha, was one of the delights of the trip. This old New Yorker enjoys fine health and looks it, too.

The motion of the train does not prevent dining car waiters from serving you perfectly at table. They don't spill things, and you eat with almost as much comfort as you do at home. But, excepting on the Rock Island dining cars (frankly, Rock Island is a model in everything) the motion of the train makes your waiter a bit careless in adding up your bill, and from the frequency it happens, you can't help thinking you are up against a continuous flim flam. The only result is you reduce the size of your tip, so the waiter is the loser in the long run.

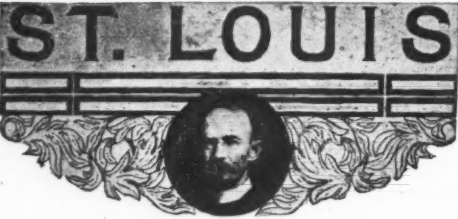
There were numerous cases of sisters and brothers being deaf and Iowa has one family in which there are five girls, all charming women I am told. I only met two of them and I will vouch for them. One Iowa girl got to Colorado and the very first day she was attacked by an awful case of homesickness and though her friends entreated her to stay, she refused, and hurried and bought a ticket for a point many miles west where she went to visit an aunt to get rid of her homesickness.

You would not think you could hit a party of six well-to-do, and well educated deaf people in this country who did not know all about the Colorado meeting, where and when it was to be held, etc., etc. For the papers published in the interest of the deaf go every where where people are any where at all interested in their fellow deaf. Yet, on the day the meeting opened in Colorado Springs, a party of six from Missouri (in this case they hailed from the proper place, for they sure have to be shown) turned up at a hotel in Denver looking for the Convention. All that Denver people could tell them was that the town was full of deaf people on Saturday, and all had gone away. The Denver papers had long stories of the proceedings at Colorado Springs each day and yet no Denverite told them, and it seems they did not buy or read the papers themselves, and each day until Saturday, they were practically marooned in Denver looking for the Deaf Convention. Finally, on Saturday, they learned in some way that what they were in search of might be found in Colorado Springs, so they hurried to that city and got there in time to see the meeting adjourn *sine die*. I was told that their informant was a deaf clergyman, and that they went to Denver at his suggestion, but it was more than likely that they had misunderstood, and wasted a week in Denver on that account.

New Yorkers had the pleasure of greeting their old time companion, Mr. W. L. Waters, now a Californian. He went west some years ago, knowing nothing of the country, crops or anything pertaining to the Golden State, but today he is a veritable encyclopedia on the subject. Elmer E. Smith, an old Fanwood boy, now a Denver printer, came up to the convention and greeted old friends, and still another of the Smith family, Harry Stewart, once a Jerseyman, but now a resident of Veditzville, lent a helping hand to the Easterners.

(To be continued)

It's a long walk to easy street and no cars running.—*Wise and Otherwise.*



By James H. Cloud, 2606 Virginia Ave.

THE best advertised event of the year in the annals of the American Deaf was the ninth convention of the National Association at Colorado Springs, August 6-13 inclusive. It had also been heralded as the "Third World's Congress of the Deaf" but as the United States was the only country represented by delegates eligible to active membership in such a Congress the meeting naturally resolved itself into an ordinary convention of the N. A. D.

While the Colorado Springs Convention in no worthy respect equalled the St. Louis Convention of six years ago, it was, in point of attendance, a creditable affair, considering the size and location of the convention city. At tourist resorts like Colorado Springs the various publicity agencies and attraction engineers look after visitors so well that a local committee, when there is one, has comparatively little to do during convention. From a business point of view the Colorado Springs convention of the N. A. D. was a manifest failure. Aside from the routine of electing a new board of officers, there was absolutely nothing worth while accomplished. Just as the real business of the convention was reached, at the very end of convention week, it was time to adjourn *sine die*.

Valuable time was lost by inexcusable lack of promptness in calling meetings to order, and more was frittered away by purely literary society features. It was certainly not a business convention.



THOR AND RAB

The much advertised "debate" between the combined system and the pure-oral method advocates resembled a see-saw with all the children seated on the same end of the plank. Nor were the celebrities whose names looked so good in print present to judge the affair. The arguments advanced in favor of the combined system were able, comprehensive and well stated, but as there was no one present to be convinced, valuable time would have been saved by simply making the papers a part of the printed proceedings. The "debate" was all the more incongruous for the reason that no one was present to uphold the pure-oral method.

The address of welcome to Colorado by Mrs. Bessie Veditz was a masterpiece in its way and deserves to be immortalized on the Regensburg moving picture films. The rendition of "Die Wacht Am Rhein," by Mrs. Frida Bauman Carpenter, of Chicago, was exceptionally good. The paper by Mr. R. P. MacGregor, of Columbus, was the most entertaining, not so much because of what he said as for how he said it.

The uncomplimentary manner in which leading advocates of oralism were referred to in the official program of the convention was unfortunate and a sufficient justification for the dignified silence with which they viewed the "debate." Nothing so surprised those not present at the convention as its utter failure to consider plans for a greater N. A. D. As a result of such inaction the unrepresentative, undemocratic and un-American executive committee regime will be continued indefinitely. Those who have the best interests of the Association at heart, nevertheless have cause for encouragement and should push the plan for a greater N. A. D. with renewed energy.

The wrestling match which followed the evening session was interesting enough for "the boys" and doubtless supplied many a thrill for the ladies, but as a conspicuous convention feature it was not so very elevating. However, it must have been a great improvement over the proposed "ballet by deaf ladies" with which the local chairman originally headed the list of attractions.

The industrial exhibit, though not large, was highly creditable to all who contributed toward its success. The remarks by Mr. A. R. Spear, of Minneapolis, on the possibilities of industrial exhibits by the deaf at expositions and fairs was the most notable of the extempore addresses before the convention.

The fact that Mr. J. S. Long, of Council Bluffs, a teacher, in less than eleven minutes came within eleven votes of depriving Mr. O. Hanson, of Seattle, an architect, of the presidency after the latter had made a strenuous canvas of over eleven months for the office, proved conclusively that all the agitation against putting a schoolman in the highest office of the N. A. D. was the veriest political boncumbe.

Mr. A. L. Pach, of New York, third vice-president, had little chance to preside over the convention, but during the brief time he occupied the presidential chair he showed by his energy, impartiality and ability to expedite business that he was made of seasoned presidential timber.

Of the retiring board of officers of the N. A. D. two members were Gallaudet College graduates, three ex-Gallaudites and two had never attended Gallaudet. Of the newly elected board five members are graduates of Gallaudet, one is an ex-Gallaudite, and one is a non-Gallaudite. Did it just happen, or is it the mighty Nation's answer to Zeno Tilden's three-year long harangue against "Gallaudetism?"

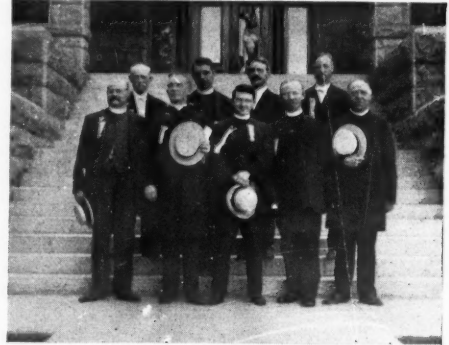
The picnic lunch served the delegates at Stratton pavilion, by the management of the Colorado School for the Deaf, was a fine one and on the cafeteria plan. The "hot dog" on the menu probably accounted for the non-appearance of the other great Dane. One of the size of Thor or Rab would have tested the storage capacity of the crowd to the breaking point. At any rate, it was good stuff even if a bit warm.

The grounds of the Colorado School were the admiration of all who saw them,—artistically laid out, tastefully decorated and well kept. The buildings are also quite substantial, well arranged, well appointed and immaculate.

President Humphrey, of the Board of Trustees of the Colorado School, has the sympathy of all who had the pleasure of meeting him and Mrs. Humphrey at the convention. Mrs. Humphrey died suddenly after the convention adjourned.

The reception at the Capital City, which was tendered the delegates on their way to Colorado Springs, was highly creditable to the Deaf of Denver. It consisted of a "Seeing Denver" auto ride and a reception at Albany Hotel.

The Alumni Association of Gallaudet College



THE CLERGY AT COLORADO SPRINGS

Front Row:—The Rev. B. R. Allabough, Episcopalian, Pittsburg; the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, Roman Catholic, New York; the Rev. G. F. Flick, Episcopalian, Chicago; the Rev. J. H. Cloud, Episcopalian, St. Louis; the Rev. F. A. Moeller, Roman Catholic, Chicago.

Upper Row:—Rev. J. M. Michaels, Baptist, Little Rock; the Rev. J. M. Koehler, Episcopalian, Kansas City; Rev. D. Moylan, Methodist, Baltimore; Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, Methodist, Chicago.

transacted a lot of business within the limited time at its disposal. We hope at its future conventions there will be time enough in which to eject into the proceedings a little more of the nonsense of college days. The address of Prof. Hall, the newly elected president of Gallaudet College, was of special interest and his declaration that he was in entire accord with the views of his predecessor, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, concerning methods of instruction, was heartily applauded. Mrs. Hall, a graduate of Gallaudet, beautiful, accomplished and winning, graced the convention with her presence and modestly received the congratulations of the alumni and alumnae as first lady on Faculty Row.

The "Frat" button of the N. F. S. D. was conspicuous at the Colorado Springs convention, and in an ever-increasing ratio will be more so at future gatherings of the Deaf. Reader, if you are eligible to membership in the organization and have not yet joined Gibson will catch you

if
you
don't
watch
out!

There was scarcely time enough for a quick lunch between the conventions recently held in Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, so closely did their dates follow upon each other. A few from outside of the states named were able to take in all three, among whom were Messrs. Koehler, Gibson, Allabough, Pach, Frankenheim, Hodgson, Fox, Heyman, Mrs. Heyman and the SILENT WORKER's St. Louis representative.

The *Silent Success* is now pursuing a course of successful silence. The management got tired of making money and in order to insure their dying poor like Carnegie, found it necessary to relieve the editor of his job. The *Observer*, of Seattle, falls heir to the good will and live subscription list of the *Success* and

will see to it that news, the whole news and nothing but the news, is boiled down to a digestible consistency and served to its readers on the cafeteria plan. *Success to the Observer.*

* * *

The local literary season was opened at the September meeting of the Gallaudet Union with a reading of "If I were King," by Mr. Henry Gross of the faculty of the Missouri school at Fulton. It is hardly necessary to add that the gross receipts went into the Missouri Home Fund.

* * *

Gallaudet School began its thirty-second year on September 6 with the largest enrollment in its history. The teaching force has been increased by the appointment of Miss Norma Lang, a daughter of deaf parents and a college graduate, who will give instruction in Articulation.

* * *

Mr. Louis Baur was hoeing the Kaiser and rocking the cradle of the Hohenzollerns in Germany during the past summer.

* * *

A fine baby boy was initiated into the million club of St. Louis on August 11 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burgher.

* * *

If you want a complete calendar of St. Louis events on the regular schedule until the middle of next June, send a postage stamp to the St. Louis representative of the SILENT WORKER and get one by return mail.

What the Deaf of Christian Lands are Doing for the Deaf of China

As I had been, before going to China, a teacher in Rochester, N. Y., it was natural that the initial work for the Chinese deaf-mutes should have its inception in the Rochester School. To Miss Harriet E. Hamilton, who so recently exchanged earthly for heavenly activities, belongs the honor of forming the first society of its kind in America, perhaps in the world,—that of deaf people banded together to help the deaf of foreign lands. This society took the name of "The Silent Workers," and was composed of many of the older pupils in the school. Soon after "The Little Helpers" society was formed among the younger pupils by Miss Mary E. Tousey, now Mrs. F. W. Hayt, of Park City, Utah.

Of course, the older pupils had some spending money, but most of the pennies at the disposal of the "Little Helpers" were given to them by Miss Tousey for keeping their hands clean.

Miss Hamilton kept up her interest in the work of "The Silent Workers," planning their programmes and attending the meetings even after she left the school, and in everything she found an able and faithful lieutenant in Mr. Clayton McLaughlin, while "The Little Helpers" are now wisely guided by Miss Rosa Halpen.

Over these two societies beautiful Mary Westervelt shed her sweet influence as she did over everything connected with the life of the school and gave to each the benefit of her fine executive ability.

The alumni and "The Silent Workers" are now proposing to raise two scholarships in memory of these beloved teachers, who first turned their attention to China and its great need in 1887. They have always been faithful "workers" and "helpers." Their gift was the first to reach China, and to Dr. Westervelt, backed by his Board of Directors, is due, more than to any other person, the change which I made in 1898 from general mission work to give all of my time to the education of the deaf in China.

Writing, as I am, entirely from memory, it seems to me that the next circle to become interested was that of Belfast, Ireland. Miss Agnes McVicker, now wife of Mr. W. E. Harris, editor of *The Messenger* and a teacher in the Belfast Institution for the Deaf, wrote asking for information in regard to the deaf in China that the Irish deaf might have a share in what was being done. This was the begin-

ning of an interest that has never wavered and Mr. Harris has always kept a corner in *The Messenger* in which to report gifts and give news of our work. At about the same time interest was started among the members of the Deaf and Dumb Benevolent Society of Edinburg, Scotland, through Miss Dewar, who, until her death, worked untiringly for the cause. They hold the banner as regards the largest yearly gift to the work, usually raising, by sales and collections, the generous sum of (£50) fifty pounds sterling. It is touching to know that among the articles exposed for sale at their last bazaar was work done by four young women who are blind as well as deaf.

Both the Belfast and the Edinburg societies have reached out and interested associated circles of the deaf in other places, and have been able to send aid to India as well as to China.

The work in Edinburg is done under the able guidance of the Rev. W. J. Hansell, pastor of the Church for the Deaf and Dumb at 49 Albany street, aided by his assistants and church members.

We must not omit what has been done by the members of the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Glasgow, Scotland, and the interest shown by Mrs. Ware, wife of the Bishop of Durham.

It is impossible in the short space at my command to write at length, as I should like to do, of each society and school which has sent gifts. At least thirty different circles have reached out their helpful hands to their silent brothers and sisters in the Orient.

The list for 1909, now printed, may not be quite complete as the full data is among my records in China, but I shall complete it later. One school whose name does not appear on this list, but which has sent several very generous gifts, is the one at Knoxville, Tenn., and the help which in former years came from the deaf class connected with the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, has been missed.

Among the recent circles to become helpfully interested are the deaf of Chicago, under the gifted leadership of Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, of the Methodist Conference, and his earnest helpers. They have established two scholarships known as "The Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet Memorial Scholarship," in addition to which they do their share of their own church work. Their example is noteworthy.

The Puget Sound Association is "a live wire," electrified by the fine personality of Mr. W. S. Root, editor of an interesting paper for the deaf called *The Observer*, published at Seattle, Wash.

The following schools of the Northwest send their contributions through Mr. Root: Vancouver, Wash., per Mr. W. S. Hunter; Salem, Oregon, per T. L. Lindstrom; Boulder, Montana, per Mr. Philip Brown; Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, per Mr. L. M. Hunt; also, the Portland Society of the Deaf, M. John O' Reichel, President.

The founding of two scholarships by the pupils of "The New York Hard-of-Hearing School," to be known as "the Nitchie Scholarships," speaks of tender sympathy for the afflicted and of brave hearts to do.

The Philadelphia deaf are planning something fine under Rev. C. O. Dantzer's leadership. It may take the form of a "Syle Scholarship."

The Mt. Airy School Teachers' Association remembers the work with an annual gift and through its influence members of the Directors' Board are numbered among the donors.

The deaf of Canada find their representative in Mrs. Wm. Watt, whom they have authorized to collect for the Chefo School. Space forbids me speaking of others whose gifts have been just as fully appreciated, but I hope to write more fully on this topic at another time.

The spirit of love and unity which characterizes all of the sweet acts of charity,—the flower and fruit of our Christianity—warms our hearts and gives us cheer which we gladly pass on to the lonely, neglected deaf-mutes of China.

Out of great sorrow the work for the Chinese

deaf was born and we want the deaf of Christian lands to feel in a very special way that the work is *theirs*, and to learn the lesson that it has brought to me, viz: that bravely helping others to bear their burdens eases our own.

Any one on this side of the world, interested in the betterment of the deaf at home or abroad, who in his pergrinations may reach the Orient, is most cordially invited to visit Chefoo.

We are anticipating a rare treat when Dr. and Mrs. Bell, who have shown generous interest in the work and who are now circling the globe, pay us the promised visit.

LIST OF GIFTS RECEIVED FROM SCHOOLS, CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES FOR THE DEAF DURING 1909

American Gifts.

"Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet Scholarship"...	\$ 95.00
Puget Sound Deaf-Mute Ass'n per W. S. Root	40.00
School for the Deaf, Ogden, Utah, Sunshine	
School for the Deaf, Colorado Springs Colo	15.00
School for the Deaf, Scranton, Pa.....	25.00
School for the Deaf, Hartford, Conn.....	32.00
School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.....	8.00
School for the Deaf, Oklahoma.....	4.17
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.....	31.00
School for the Deaf, Mt. Airy, Pa.....	187.76
School for the Deaf, Northampton, Mass....	100.00
School for the Deaf, Rochester, N. Y., "Silent Workers".....	52.00
School for the Deaf, Danville, Ky.....	40.00
School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kan.....	13.35
School for the Deaf, Sioux Falls, So. Dakota	4.20
School for the Deaf, Edgewood Park, Pa....	28.20
Clark Training School Graduates, Native Teacher's Salary.....	40.00
Teachers' Association, Mt. Airy, Pa.....	15.00
"Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet Memorial Scholarships"	100.00

Canadian Gifts

School for the Deaf, Winnipeg, Canada.....	11.00
Two Friends, Toronto, Canada.....	6.00

British Gifts—England, Scotland and Ireland, Etc.

Deaf and Dumb Benevolent Society, Edin- burgh, Soot	£45
Collected by the Friends in Belfast, Ireland	£20

Note—The "Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet Memorial Scholarships" have been founded by the deaf of Chicago, Ill., and vicinity, under the leadership of Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, M. E. Church.

GIFTS RECEIVED FROM THE DEAF AND THEIR FRIENDS FOR THE CHIEF SCHOOL SINCE JAN. 1, 1910

The Deaf of Canada, per Mrs. W. Watt...\$	51.10
Miss King, Oral School, Scranton, Pa.....	5.00
Per Miss McDowell, Mt. Airy Inst.....	25.00
Dr. Crouter and members of the Faculty....	20.00
The Deaf-Mutes of St. Luke's Parish, Kalama- zoo, Mich., per M. M. Taylor.....	45.00
"The Nitchie Scholarships".....	100.00
"In memory of a deaf aunt".....	5.00
Miss Outerbridge, per B. S. Thompson.....	2.00
Mr. Cuyler, Director, Mt. Airy School, per E. S. Thompson.....	25.00
C Grade pupils, Wisconsin Hall.....	.75
Christian Endeavor Society, Kentucky School per Prof. Rogers.....	50.00
The Graduating Class, Oral School, Scranton, Pa., per Miss Fish.....	10.00
Silent Workers and Little Helpers Societies School for the Deaf, Rochester, N. Y....	171.70
Christian Endeavor Society, School for the Deaf, Omaha, Neb.....	5.25

Deaf Boy's Success

A deaf and dumb lad named H. Legg a member of the Fleet Wood Carving Class, has been successful in gaining a gold star—the highest award—at the Home Arts and Industrial Exhibition, held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, England, for a very fine carved fire screen, the design of which was composed of foliage interwoven with the Hampshire rose, and a blue star for an oak cupboard.

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

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JOHN P. WALKER, M.A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

THE autumnal equinox of 1910 is already a thing of the past.

The Recent Conventions

THE conventions of the deaf held during the past summer were far and away the most interesting and fruitful of the decade. They show, first of all, that the deaf are getting tired of having others think for them and are beginning to think for themselves; and the results are shown in the past summer's deliberations. No deaf man or woman can afford to neglect a careful perusal of their proceedings, and indeed it will well repay everybody interested in the work of educating them to carefully gather the new ideas that were brought to them, and note the trend of thought among the educated deaf.

— It was by the narrowest margin **A note of Warning** that the Lexington Ave. school for the deaf escaped a holocaust a few week ago. The flames were discovered just in the nick of time, and, even then, only the strenuous efforts of all hands barely saved it from ruin. The loss of fifty mattresses and the partial destruction of the wood-work of the dormitory in which they were burned told, when all was over, of the narrow escape the buildings had had, and we, for the thousandth time, are all again reminded that too much care cannot be taken to provide against the ravages of the fire-fiend.

Alma Mater

THE quiet of the morning of the 14th was completely dispelled by evening. The rising sun peeped in upon vacant halls. As it looked back from its setting in the west it lit up an hundred happy faces. We say happy advisedly for no crowd of children ever entered a circus with more joy than our little ones came hopping and skipping and jumping up our walks on our opening day. It is one of the hopeful signs of school life that few children now-a-days go "creeping like a snail unwillingly to school." When you can make school a place where "every hour is jewelled with a

joy," and that is the first effort of the twentieth century teacher, education is the easiest thing in the world, and we need have little solicitude for the future of the growing generation.

As Ones Having Authority

WHEN we have recourse to the law we go to one learned in the profession, and when we are sick to one skilled as a physician. If we have houses to build, streams to dam, any sort of work to do, we retain the man who has made a special study of it, except when we select a head for a school for the deaf. We once in a long while, at these times, "place" a man in charge who simply has a pull.

Wm. Taft

OUR esteemed Chief Executive, at the inauguration of the President of the Wesleyan University speaking upon the subject says:—

"It has fallen to me at various times to have a share in selecting a college president, and there has always been at such times the suggestion that what we needed was a business man, a man who knew the value of a dollar and how to get it—a man who would put the institution on a business basis. I am glad to say that I always dissented from such an idea. I am not attacking business men, but I believe that such men have their limitations and that these limitations are such as to exclude them as college presidents. The college president first of all is a teacher. That is his profession and the university is a teaching institution. If he is to do his duty by the institution he must understand how teaching should be done. He must be a pedagogue. The college president must be a man of executive ability. He must have the power of selecting men for the work they are to do. And I submit that unless he is a teacher and understands all the teaching that is to be done, he is not fit to make such selections or to build up a faculty to do the teaching.

Mr. Gruver

REFERRING to this, the able head of the Rome School says: "This is just as true of superintendents and principals of schools for the deaf as it is of presidents of colleges and universities. Our schools are primarily educational institutions and their heads should be teachers, or men and women who have been teachers and know how the work should be done. Our work is special and requires special preparation and experience, but in order to make a success of it a superintendent must combine special preparation, experience, executive ability, keen discernment, common sense and honesty of purpose with wide observation and an acute power of discrimination in selecting people for the work they are to do. Unless he is a teacher and understands, in a broad sense, all that is to be done, he is not qualified for the position. One of the schools for the deaf recently advertised for a superintendent. The qualifications were not specified. We hope the governor of that state and the Board in control have either seen or heard of President Taft's ideas of a college president. If they cannot accept his political views, they

might with impunity absorb some of his educational ideas."

The Lone Star

THE *Lone Star* adds: "The above is plain language and to the point. Every one who has made a study of the subject and knows will agree if disposed to be candid, that Mr. Taft and our friend Gruver are correct, abstractly speaking at any rate. There have been great men at the heads of the schools of higher learning and of schools for the deaf who did not attain their success because of experience in the pedagogical chair or the ranks below, but they have been few. They attain success because of their superior mentality and adaptability and before they got through they were really educators in a wide sense. But putting men without previous practical knowledge along lines demanded of them at the head of an educational institution is an experiment every time and in most cases proves a very expensive experiment."

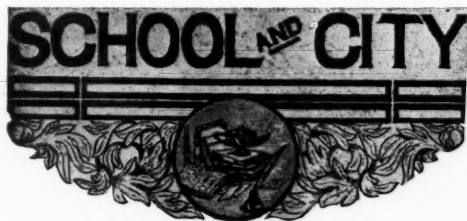
To all of which we would add a hearty Amen!

IF

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowances for their doubting, too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give away to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;
"If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: 'Hold on!'
"If you can talk with crowd and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!"

—Kipling.

WANTED: A thoroughly trained lady teacher of the deaf to take a position in a school for the deaf. Address, the SILENT WORKER.



Tempus fugit.

The summer is gone.

We had a fine outing.

All hands are brown as berries.

The leaves are falling in myriads.

It seems but a week since we separated.

Do not repine; Christmas will soon be here.

The school was never so bright and beautiful.

The fall promotions will be made in a few days.

Everybody had a fine time visiting during the summer.

Washington Houston, of Philadelphia, was a recent visitor.

Work in the gymnasium will not begin until these fine days are over.

The new girls' dormitory is a beauty and its occupants consider themselves very lucky.

If medals for neatness were given out pretty much all the girls would have to get one.

The first language competition in the chapel resulted in a win for the boys by one point.

The meeting of the Committee on our School, on the 8th, was the first of the season.

All have begun the term with the determination that every child in the house shall learn to talk.

The children are looking forward to the Chestnut Hunt as the next trip for Nature Study.

The basket-ball teams are being selected and the season for that splendid sport will soon be here.

Twenty of the boys and girls have cameras and nearly all of them develop and print their own pictures.

Miss Reedy assumed the duties of her position the first of September and is already a general favorite.

It was not necessary to deny any child the trip to the fair, for breach of discipline. Wasn't that fine?

Master Lewis who ran away from school to go home a year ago, ran away from home to come to school last week.

Samuel Eber, Esq., was the first of our boys to materialize when school opened. In fact, he was a day ahead of time.

The library has been cleaned and rearranged by Misses Cornelius, Matlack and Gratton and is now being catalogued.

Lizzie Matthews was the last of our little girls to arrive, but it was not her fault. She was detained at home by sickness.

Perla Harris and Louis Baussman came to school with Marion Baussman on the 14th and were the first of the newcomers to arrive.

Our new horse, Prince, is good any place you put him, and is as much at home hitched to the lawn-mower as to the light carry-all.

A trolley car at top speed certainly hits hard. One of them killed nine of our milk-man's cows at a single "fell swoop" on Tuesday morning.

Mabel Zorn says the most enjoyable day of her whole summer was the one she spent at Coney Island. Annie Bissett was with her.

Wainwright Persall has got his eye on the printing department, and it is most likely that nothing else we have will satisfy his longing for work.

Those big English walnuts out back have been shining marks during the past week, and scarce one remains to tempt the boys and girls to action.

Theo. Eggert, Peter Pace, O. Glensbeckel, G. Shornstien, C. Stevens, I. Lowe G. Hetzel and G. Carrigan, were among our visitors on fair day.

An additional class in millinery and embroidery has been formed. It started work on the afternoon of the 28th and Miss Stevenson says it promises well.

There will be another little boy here from Vineland next week. His name is Ovington Quevedo and Harriett Alexander is well acquainted with him.

Masters Blake, Droste, Dixon, Hansen and Grod, and Misses Sommers, Alexander, De Witte and Stasset have been selected as the monitors for October.

Chapel Sunday-School is preferred by many of our children to going out. One particular advantage is that in case of rain they do not have to lose their lesson.

The little walk from the west gate to Kent street is one of the most enjoyable to our tots of any in the neighborhood. There is a candy store at the other end of it.

An outline of the life of Christopher Columbus, with its many lessons, made a most interesting evening lecture on Sunday last. Mr. Lloyd occupied the rostrum.

The monitors attended the peach festival at Bethany, on Thursday evening. These monitors get a little extra every once in a while, but then they are a world of help.

Mr. Henry J. Haight, of Philadelphia, was one of the visitors at the Fair. He was especially interested in the poultry exhibit and the fine display of orchids by the Roebings.

Charles Colberg has a fine photograph of his papa's new fishing-boat and it is a beauty. Arthur has made enough money, working on her during the summer, to last him all winter.

Michael Murray, for a long time our stable-boss and man-of-all-work, suffered a breakdown during the summer, and was taken to the sanatorium at Laurel Hill early in September.

Teachers' meetings will be held on the first Thursday afternoon of each month at four o'clock during the present term. The subject for the first meeting will be "How may we Improve our Work."

Maude Thompson, Mamie German, Mary Wingler, Minnie Brickwedel, Helen Harrison and Nellie Tice were the only girls who did not return this fall. There are a number of applications for each vacancy.

Would you believe it, old Neddy whom we parted with in the spring for twenty-five dollars sold the other day for seventy-five, but he went into a nice home and to the lightest kind of work and these were prime considerations with us.

Goldie Sheppard brought with her the biggest and most beautiful bouquet of grandmother's garden flowers you ever saw. They brightened the children's dining-room for days, and at odd times were kept in the office, where they were objects of admiration to all.

Arthur Blake is making good on the linotype and is a valuable aid in furnishing copy to the paper, as well. During the summer, Arthur acted as painter, white washer and assistant gardener also; and so is a sort of Jack of all trades at present. It will be all linotype by and by, however.

Than Esther Woelper, Minnie Ruizinsky, Edith Cohen, Helen Bath, Josephine Kulikowki, Ida Keator, Lizzie Matthews, Margaret Rentbon, Anna Robinson, Alfred Shaw, Louis Otten, Charles Dobbins, Stuart Davis, Isidore Engel, Frank Madsen and Louis Otten there are no niecer or happier little boys or girls in the world.

We have just come in possession of a genuine Dolland telescope of high power. It is an instrument which would be worth, new, upwards of three hundred dollars, but which stands us in but about thirty. A bargain indeed. We have already got thirty dollars worth out of it.

Pay-as-you-enter cars are now running regularly on Hamilton Ave., and very nice cars they are. They are especially adapted to stormy wheather, being dry and warm, and much less draughty than the old ones. Their use appears to have largely stimulated travel already, many more people riding than formerly.

Isaac Lowe, William Stocker, Edward Wegrzyn, Walter Hedden, Anthony Zachmann and Arthur Colberg have all obtained lucrative positions during the past month. The success our boys and girls have getting work is almost a misfortune to them, taking them, as it does, from their school at so early an age. Nine out of ten of our pupil now, are scarce more than babies.

Mr. Porter came pretty near getting the hose turned on him the other day, and, incidentally, our fire alarm system got a good trying out. The new photo-engraving lights had been turned on for the first time and the whole north of the industrial department appeared to be aflame. Master Eldon made a break for the printing department and Mr. Markley promptly gave the alarm. In about two minutes the whole fire department was at our doors, and it required considerable explanation to keep the fire laddies from performing what appeared to be their plain duty. The efficiency of our recently installed fire-alarm system, at least, was amply demonstrated.



By Mrs. E. Florence Long, Council Bluffs, Ia.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF the Deaf met under the mighty shadow of Pike's Peak, in the good old summer time, and had the happiest and gayest time ever, but like a bubble it had to burst and float away to the four winds of the earth, while the giant Peak still stands where it has stood for countless ages.

"Pike's Peak or Bust" is now a matter of history in the annals of the National Association and editor Hodgson's account written down in the New York *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* at great length with all the judicial calmness and impartial observation of which he is past master will suffice, until the official proceedings come out in pamphlet form.

Of course, everybody concedes that the Association is now perfectly safe with the stalwart Norse Viking, Hanson, assisted by the heavy weight Regensburg and the knightly Freeman as royal guards of the crown jewels. As usual, each of them is a Gallaudet brave, with the college trappings of blue and gold, which always breath the legend "WHO CHECKS AT ME, TO DEATH IS DIGHT." Opponents and backers of the winning parties all alike willingly join in the chorus of approving applause—

"All hail to the chieftain who in triumph advances."

The stalwart Hanson is evidently stuck on his form, for during his first afternoon session as President he overlooked his first vice-president, who is as handsomely tall (if not more so) as himself, and compelled his second vice-president, a mere morsel of femininity, to climb on to the platform and sit in his big chair while he delivered a speech. Now, from the vantage point of that big chair, the back of the speaker only was within range and—well, together those two made the long and the short of that Presidential chair.

The rotund "Reggy" tried to do his faithful duty without letting his left hand know what his right hand was doing after his election to the secretaryship. But he had just received a telegram giving him the position of "papa" to a wee bit of femininity and his mind was constantly wandering off to the wife and new baby out in California. Accordingly, during sessions on the platform he absently lost track of the speeches and would suddenly awake to the duties of his position as secretary with a bewildered start and anxiously ask some one to please repeat what the speakers had been saying.

The Federation business of the N. A. D. is going to be put through another three years course of dissecting, and the State Associations of the Deaf now have another chance to think some more and act if they ever will learn how to act about it, and consolidate into a National Federation.

Observing the different speakers on the convention platform, as they warmly defended the combined-method and decried the oral method, it was evident that a lot of time was



THE "OWLS" OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE

being wasted which could have been devoted to the question of Federation and other newer topics. Some of them should also take care that they themselves do not bring the graceful sign-language into disrepute by using horrible grimaces and unnecessary mouthings. It is not at all necessary for a lecturer in signs to make a monkey of himself on the public platform.

The far-famed Ladies' Auxiliary bee turned out to be a mere drone whom nobody seemed anxious to hive, for not one feminine hand was raised to its support on the platform.

The Gallaudet Co-eds got together their band of O. W. L. S., and had a mighty good screech all by themselves one ghostly night, in the garret of the Alamo hotel. They screeched and hooted with such vim that Mrs. L. Divine was made president of their biggest screech, Mrs. Carpenter, Vice-president of the second biggest screech, and Mrs. Hanson secretary-treasurer of the third big screech. Their screeches now resound everywhere around Pike's Peak for the general good of any body needing "absent treatment," and especially for the onward progress of the Edward Miner Gallaudet Fund.

Way back in the college time of 1887-8, when co-eds were given the freedom of the college, there were only a mere handful of young women eager to accept the privileges. Those young women never learned to screech in the O. W. L. S. fashion, because none of them ever thought of becoming so wise until years afterwards, and then it was too late, for they all had scattered into home perches of their own. They were the Misses Georgianna Elliott (now Mrs. P. J. Hasenstab), of Illinois; Ella Margaret Rudd (Mrs. Divine, deceased), of Nebraska; Ella Florence Black (now Mrs. J. Schuyler Long), of Indiana; Harriet Leffler (now Mrs. Spahr), of Penn.; and Alto L. Lowman (now Mrs. John Cavanaugh), of Maryland. The latter was the only one of those co-eds to take the full college course to get a degree.

The ministry was well represented at the convention, by deaf ministers of the Episcopal, Methodist, and Baptist churches, while the Roman Catholic Church was ably supported by Rev. Father Moeller, a hearing man, and by Rev. McCarthy, who became deaf after attaining the priesthood. The two latter evinced the warmest interest in all the proceedings of

the convention and seemed to be picking up the language as to the manor born.

The only foreigners present to give the convention any claim to being a "World's Congress of the Deaf," were two representatives of China, Li Yung Yew, Imperial Consul General, and K. Owyang, his vice-consul and interpreter. They showed the keenest interest in the convention, and their courteous manners and pleasant speeches caught the fancy of the convention, which gave them an ovation of applause. The Imperial Consul General, in his Chinese robes and "pig-tail" had a fine intellectual face and his speech displayed his excellent education, while his sense of humor came out in the remark that if he were a politician he would shake hands with every body present, but as he was not he would just shake hands with himself in true Chinese fashion.

The presence of those two well educated Chinamen will undoubtedly result in the Chinese Empire looking after its neglected deaf and establishing schools of its own, instead of the solitary one supported by our Missionary help and the self-sacrificing labor of Mrs. Annette Mills.

Supt. Argo, of the Colorado School, entertained different parties of the convention at dinner during the convention week, and Supt. Dobyns, of the Mississippi School, was present at each of the dinners, which led him to remark that he was having mighty good dinners every day. Those two Superintendents have the happy faculty of being able to tell good stories, and they enlivened the diners that way.

At one of these dinners only the clergymen were invited, and when the afterdinner cigars were passed around they were taken by all except the two superintendents.

The only hearing men engaged in the education of the deaf who took enough interest in the convention to be present, were Supts. Argo, Dobyns, and Prof. Hall, the new president of Gallaudet College. They were "good mixers," without any objectionable airs of 'big I and little you,' and took to signs like ducks to water. The Mississippi School sent Supt. Dobyns to the convention at its own expense, and thereby set an example which other schools would do well to follow, as showing some respect and regard for the opinions and welfare of the educated deaf citizen.

The little burros, used in climbing the



Left to right—Mrs. J. S. Long, Mr. J. S. Long, Mr. Randall, Miss Streby, Miss Cloa Lamson, Mrs. E. Bingham, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Jay Howard, and Mr. Bingham.

mountains and meandering over the canyons of Colorado, were the source of much amusement for all the convention people who took in all the magnificent scenery around Colorado Springs. Dignity had to be laid aside when anyone mounted one of these little burros and essayed to ride faster than a walk. At the top of Mt. Manitou Scenic Incline railway there was the usual herd of burros ready to take the passengers farther up over the mountain. A rawboned mountaineer had charge of the little beasts and also a collection of divided riding skirts kept in a little shack of a dressing room for the ladies. Now a great many of the deaf ladies had never worn a divided skirt, much less ridden astride of a horse in man fashion, so this burro-driver had his hands full trying to show them how to get into the divided skirts. One lady got into her skirt wrong with the front in the back, which the practical eye of man at once discovered, and he made her get out of it and helped pull it on in the right way. Then the hilarity occasioned by all this and the sight of the green riders mounting their little steeds was enough to make even the stolid combination driver and ladies' "man-maid" smile.



Mr. Jay Cook Howard, the banker from Duluth, made a "howling success" of himself at a swell restaurant one day during the convention. He was late in coming to lunch, and all the tables were full of hearing business men, but he spied a small vacant table in a far-away corner and made a bee line for it. He dropped into the chair by the table and looked around for a waiter to attend to his wants when he found himself the "cynosure of all eyes." Every neck in the room was twisted in his direction and every eye stared at him and he began to swell with pride at his evident importance, when he caught several looking with pained and startled expressions and then he grew red and wondered if he had forgotten to put on his collar or necktie, or something equally bad. However, a waiter came rushing to him and pointing to the chair which he was holding down with his hundred and fifty pounds, or more, the trouble was evident. He had planted one leg of his chair squarely, or rather roundly, on the tail of a cat, and its wild yowls of agony filled the ears of every body except the deaf ears of the one who was on its tail.



The Iowa and Nebraska schools had their State conventions at the same time, just before the National Convention at Colorado. The Iowa School at Council Bluffs was hospitably wide open to its convention members who all

paid cash for their board and also paid for all the necessary hired help, and thus had the time of their lives visiting around in the rooms and halls of their *Alma Mater*.

The Nebraska convention, at Omaha, was not so fortunate, for its members had to put up at hotels and only had a few formal peeps at their *Alma Mater*.

A great many Eastern deaf, on their way to Colorado, stopped over at Council Bluffs to get a look at the magnificent new fireproof school for the deaf there, and all were hospitably entertained by the officers of the convention. Among the guests were: Messrs. Hodgson, Pach, Kohlman, Fox and Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, of New York city; Mr. Gibson, of Chicago; Rev. Allabough, of Pittsburg, and Rev. Cloud, of St. Louis.



Conventions seem to offer a wide field for the irresponsible gossip or scandal-monger,

and several such contemptible persons were noticed dropping their poisoned words here and there. They told lies by the pattern of their own evil thoughts, and Shakespeare says:

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.



Prof. and Mrs. Percival Hall, on their way back to Washington from Colorado, stopped for a few days as the guests of the Iowa and Nebraska schools alternately. The Mid-West Branch of the Gallaudet College Alumni tendered them an informal reception in the parlors of the Nebraska school and all enjoyed the privilege of meeting the new president of Gallaudet College. Mrs. Hall was formerly a student at the Iowa school, before her folks moved to Colorado, where she finished her education and entered Gallaudet College, and so there were quite a few Iowans whom she remembered well.



The Mid-West Branch of the Gallaudet College Alumni began its opening series of monthly meetings of the season, September 30th, with a card party held at the beautiful country residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holway, who always make ideal entertainers.

Publisher's Notice

Owing to the large amount of interesting matter anent the Colorado Convention we are obliged to leave out our "Chicago," "Owl" and "Exchange" departments until the November issue. The "Sherlock Holmes" article will also have to wait till the November number, in which he will present his researches and conclusions in his usual keen and curious vein.

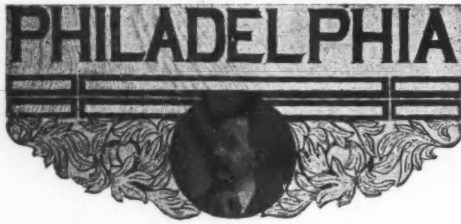
We also have a story by Howard L. Terry, entitled "A Sophomore's Revenge" which, among others, will have to wait.



BERLIN HOME FOR THE AGED DEAF.

Courtesy of The Volta Review.

The buildings and grounds cost 122,000 marks. The house is situated in one of the suburbs of Berlin—at 26 Treskow Street, Hohenschonhausen. As may be seen in the accompanying illustration, it is of graceful architecture. Surrounding it is a large garden where the old people may busy themselves with flowers and vegetables. They are not expected to do any hard work; and are carefully attended. Religious services are held in the chapel on alternate Sundays; and on week-day evenings lectures are given.—[Blatter.]—A. H.—From *The Volta Review*.



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St.

TO make this story readable by young and old, the wise and otherwise, and such of the fair readers as may be interested and find time to read it betwixt works of fiction, we shall do away with all such conventional terms as "I move, etc.," "I second, etc.," "I object, etc.," and other unimportant details and give only what we deem worth telling. If we fail in this effort, we beg to be spared a ruthless mobbing at the hands of the disappointed on the plea of the principle that "a spade is a spade" and that it applies equally to a convention when a truthful account is the object.

So here goes the twenty-fourth convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, held in the main court-room of the Court House building at Reading, on August 25—27, inclusive. By the way, it may strike some of our neighboring deaf as a bit strange that our conventions are mostly held in court-houses, which seems an unusual place for such a meeting and a privilege which is seldom granted to other bodies and never to political conventions. Well, call it a bump of vanity on the part of the Pennsylvania deaf if you will, we violate no secrecy by saying that the Keystone deaf have long since discovered that the ideal place to hold their conventions in, where comfort, convenience, and adaptability please most, in a large court-room. If this does not satisfy the curious we may add that these buildings are generally centrally located in cities and towns and there is only a janitor's tip to gratify, which is so much easier than renting a hall. Need we add that such a place suits the religious tastes of all persons.

The beautiful innovation which President Reider first introduced at the Scranton convention and repeated at this one was noted by all the city papers represented one of which reported it as follows:

"Instead of bringing down a gavel with a 'whack' the waving of an American flag from the president's table brought to order the convention," etc.

The President's opening remarks were brief and to the point — as follows:—"It is now my pleasant duty to call this the 24th convention to order. As announced, we meet here for the purpose of hearing reports and electing four managers to serve three years in place of the members whose terms expire at this meeting and who are as follows: B. R. Allabough, of Wilkesburg; J. S. Reider, of Philadelphia; G. M. Teegarden, of Wilkesburg, and Charles Partington, of Ridley Park. We shall also transact such other business as may come before the Society.

You will have the services of Mr. A. U. Downing, of Pittsburg, as Interpreter, and Mr. Geo. B. Cock, of Philadelphia, as stenographer.

You will please stand while the Rev. F. C. Smielau, of Williamsport, Missionary to the Deaf of Central Pennsylvania leads in prayer."

Besides Rev. Mr. Smielau, two other deaf ministers, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, of Philadelphia, and Rev. B. R. Allabough, of Pittsburg, attended this convention.

Disappointment was felt that the Mayor, of Reading, who was to deliver the chief ad-

dress of welcome, was absent from the city attending a convention of mayors of third-class cities in York. He would undoubtedly have given the members a spicy welcome, for he is a good speaker and was instrumental in securing the Court-House for the meeting.

It thus devolved upon Mr. John T. McDonough, President of the Berks County Local Branch, to do the welcoming, and a response was made by Mr. Allabough.

The members then settled snugly into their seats while the President delivered his annual address. It was a struggle in a high temperature, for the janitor had forgotten to turn on the electric-fans, and, though Mr. Downing whispered to him to take off his coat, he persisted at his job to the end never minding the beads of perspiration that rolled down his face. The address dealt with a number of topics, both timely and practical, and, if anything escaped the attention of the convention body, it yet found ample endorsement by the Committee on Resolutions. It would make this story too long to produce the address here, so let it go.

The machinery of the Convention was replenished by the appointment of the following working committees:

On Resolutions: B. R. Allabough, Thomas Breen, William H. Eakins, and Henry J. Haight; President Reider being a member of all committees by virtue of his office.

On Business: John T. McDonough, Mrs. M. M. Eakins, and Mrs. J. T. McDonough. On Nominations: R. M. Ziegler, J. T. McDonough, Miss Helen T. Wink, S. S. Haas, and M. C. Fortescue.

Towards the close of the session Eugene I. Sandt, an ex-Alderman and County Commissioner, appeared and, when pressed, made a pleasing little speech.

The afternoon was devoted to sightseeing and a trip over Neversink Mountain. It was more enjoyable than the reader may imagine. From the top of the mountain a beautiful panoramic view of the country was afforded on both the eastern and western sides. At the base of the mountain on the western side, in full view to the eye, is spread the thriving city of Reading which the new census credits with nearly a hundred thousand souls, or in round figures 95,000. Some idea of the grandeur of the view may be obtained from the ejaculation of the astute Mr. Allabough, who had just come from Pike's Peak to Neversink, that "This beats Pike's Peak!" To quote him right, he probably did not mean that it beats the rugged grandeur that surrounds the great peak, but that the variety and beauty of the surrounding country, as transformed by man, was wonderfully charming. Be that as it may, it was certainly a big treat for little money.

On the evening of the first day of the convention, a reception was tendered the visiting deaf in the Parish House of Christ Cathedral Church by the Bucks County Local Branch. About 250 attended this pleasing function, which was largely enjoyed.

The second day of the convention, like the first, was ideal as regards the weather, and every one, from "Judge" Reider down to the humblest member, seemed in happy spirits. It was noticeable, too, that the janitor had grown wiser and turned on the electric fans to the evident relish of all.

Rev. B. R. Allabough made his first appearance before the Society as a minister of God, delivering the invocation.

The Committee on Enrollment reported 123 members so far.

The proceedings were enlivened some by a little surprise that Mr. Geo. T. Sanders had up his sleeve. Advancing to the platform

with what appeared to be a large gold brick under his arm, and facing a smiling audience, he began to address it thus:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You think that I am going to offer you a gold brick. This looks like the article that sneak gentry usually take to farmers and misrepresent and sell to them. But it is not intended to deceive you. It is a nice thing. Guess what is in it. 500 Alphabet cards which I wish to donate to the Society to sell at one cent apiece for the benefit of the Home."

In less than one hour's time the contents of the gold brick were turned into cash—\$5.00, and Mr. Sanders was thanked for his happy idea.

Dr. Crouter, President of the Board of Trustees of the Home, who had attended the two previous conventions of the Society and others before them, sent regrets at his inability to attend this convention owing to an important engagement at the Institution of which he is the head. While his absence was regretted, none doubted his sincerity. The Doctor takes more than an ordinary interest in the Society; he has the shrewdness to know that the success of its work reflects credit upon his school and that the tendency of the day is for schools and colleges to maintain as close relation with their alumni as is possible for the good of both. Especially is the Doctor conspicuous in his interest and work for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. That he should find time amidst his onerous duties at the Mt. Airy School to devote to the Home at Doylestown is not easily understood by us, and we can only interpret it as an exhibition of sincere interest in his life work among the deaf and a desire to continue it to the last. The deaf of Pennsylvania know Dr. Crouter and his work; they love and honor him in spite of the faith he pins on the Oral Method because it is his inalienable right to do so. The reader can now imagine how heartily the deaf welcome Dr. Crouter to their convention and how much his absence from one is regretted.

The Report of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf was interesting and we regret we have not space to present it here in full. The Home now shelters 14 women and three men. During the last year there were five admissions, two deaths, and one withdrawal. The Trustees now meet monthly instead of quarterly. Heretofore the matron had entire charge of the Home, but now a change to Superintendent will be made, so that the Home will have both a superintendent and matron. The change will go into effect on October 1st.

B. R. Allabough, Treasurer, former President, teacher, and to whose name we now prefix the word Reverend, was there, and every one tried to recognize him by his new title as though Mister was too common and improper. Some betrayed confusion in addressing him; but it was plain Mr. Allabough when he gave his impressions and observations of the ninth convention of the National Association of the Deaf, also called the World's Congress of the Deaf, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, in his usual graceful style. The address teemed with interest, but was so long that we shall not attempt to give more than his first impression, which was that the men who attended the great conclave were gentlemen. We cannot resist the temptation to overrule ourself and give one other impression that is of direct interest to the Pennsylvania Society. After Mr. Allabough had told how the question of Federation had fared, he was interrupted by President Reider, who, asked, "Do you think that the action of this State Association heretofore in regard to that matter was right?" Mr. Allabough re-

plied: "I think it has been very wise in its action thus far." And then every one heaved a deep sigh of relief.

The following interesting letter from the Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, M. D., was received and read before the convention:

RALEIGH, N. C., August 24, 1910.

Greatly to my disappointment, I had to abandon my plans to attend the convention of the P. S. A. D. and come here to North Carolina. The North Carolina Association of the Deaf meets to-morrow in Durham, a small but thriving town, about 25 miles from here. If I had listened to the lure of pleasure, I would be in Reading at this moment; but, you know, the call of duty must have the first claim. I am going to tell my friends down here of the sensible and orderly meetings you always have, of the great work you have done and are doing, and of the bonds of friendship and brotherly love that are formed as the result of these meetings.

And above all, I am going to point out, as an object lesson, the commendable loyalty of the Pennsylvania deaf toward their *alma mater*, and toward Dr. Crouter and his assistants. I am sure there is much for us in the time-honored "My country! right or wrong, my country still!"

I thank you for sending me the report of the last convention. I read it with much interest and profit. If my membership in the P. S. A. D. is in danger of lapsing, kindly send me a warning. I shall remember the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf next donation day.

Regretting very much that I am denied the pleasure of meeting you, and so many old friends and classmates, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) O. J. WHILDEN.

A convention group was taken on the steps of the beautiful new Post Office building on Friday forenoon. The WORKER will probably produce a half tone copy in this or the next issue.

During one of the sessions the President received and read a telegram from the Secretary of the North Carolina Association of the Deaf, then in session at Durham, N. C., conveying its greetings and best wishes to the P. S. A. D. The convention immediately instructed the President to reciprocate in like manner.

The work of the Committee on Resolutions is worthy of mention. It performed its task with a thoroughness that is commendable. Over sixteen resolutions were submitted to the convention, all of which were adopted by it. They show the loyal support given the President, indorsing most of the suggestions in his annual address, and the others were either of timely import or practical value. As each one represents a separate subject, they seem worthy of production here. They were as follows:

(1)

WHEREAS, Joseph Mekeal, late of Philadelphia, Pa., whose charity and kindly sympathy for the Deaf, made possible the having of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown, Pa., died on the seventh day of June, A.D. 1910.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Deaf of Pennsylvania goes out to Mrs. Mekeal in her sorrow.

Resolved, That by his death the Deaf of Pennsylvania, suffered the loss of a kind friend and generous benefactor, whose name should be revered to the end of time; and,

Resolved, That a tablet be placed in some suitable part of the Home building, which shall have upon it the following inscription:

"In Memoriam of Mr. Joseph Mekeal, Philadelphia, Pa., a modest, unassuming, noble man, whose genuine sympathy for the deaf, and generous help by him given, made the having of the Home possible, and whose name shall be always cherished and revered."

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of the Society and a copy conveyed to Mrs. Mekeal.

(2)

WHEREAS, William H. Luden, Esq., a prominent citizen of Reading, on Christmas, 1909, contributed to the Society the sum of five hundred (\$500) dollars toward the Endowment Fund of the Home for Blind, Aged and Infirm Deaf, located at Doylestown, Pa.; and,

WHEREAS, The Berks County Local Branch was largely instrumental in securing the above magnificent contribution and has shown unusual activity in promoting the interests of the Society during the short time of its existence; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the said William H. Luken, Esq., be hereby nominated an Honorary Member of the Society; and,

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of the Society be and are hereby tendered to the said William H. Luden, Esq., for his generosity, and to the members of the Berks County Local Branch for the loyal support they have given to the Society.

(3)

WHEREAS, Our associate, Mr. Henry J. Haight, has suggested that a suitable bronze Foundation Tablet be placed in the Home for Blind, Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown, as a memorial of the fact that the Home was founded by the Society; and as the said Mr. Haight has contributed twenty-five (\$25) dollars as the nucleus of a fund to be raised for the purpose; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be instructed to take immediate steps to carry out the above suggestion, confer with the Board of Trustees in regard to it, and, in conjunction with said Trustees, make all necessary arrangements for the installation of the Tablet in the Home.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are due to Mr. Henry J. Haight for his generous contribution.

(4)

WHEREAS, It is desirable to establish a Local Branch in several localities that seem capable of much good work, but where unaccountable hesitancy, probably due to a misapprehension of the work expected of a branch, prevents the deaf from making the initiative; therefore,

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be requested to communicate with the deaf of such localities in an effort to bring about a better understanding.

(5)

Resolved, That this Society, in Convention assembled, heartily endorses the management of the Home for Blind, Aged and Infirm Deaf by the present Board of Trustees, as shown by the excellent report submitted; that the best thanks of the Society are hereby extended to the said Board, and that the Secretary be instructed to convey this resolution to each member of the Board.

(6)

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be asked to consider the matter of impostors on railway trains complained of in the President's address and to take such action upon it as it shall deem advisable.

(7)

WHEREAS, It proposed to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the Society, in 1911 (probably in Harrisburg, the birth-place); and, as it seems a most fitting occasion for a special Anniversary Offering for the Home; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be instructed to devise a plan for such an offering and announce it as soon as expedient in order to give Local Branches and the deaf of the State ample time to prepare for it.

(8)

Resolved, That we reassert our belief in the wisdom and necessity of Compulsory Education for deaf children of school age, and that we earnestly urge the Board of Managers to continue its efforts to bring about the passing of such a law in Pennsylvania.

(9)

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Convention that the developments thus far made by our Committee on Inquiry into the condition of the feeble-minded deaf of Pennsylvania justify a continuance of the inquiry, and that the Board of Managers be respectfully requested to continue the Committee and to give it every aid and encouragement possible.

Resolved, That the method of inquiry as conducted by the Chairman of said Committee, Mr. John A. McIlvaine, Jr., meets with our unqualified approval.

(10)

WHEREAS, It has been found impracticable to publish the *Pennsylvania Society News* for some time, owing to the great cost of printing;

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be authorized to make arrangements with the *Mt. Airy World* to publish a quarterly supplement to be known as "The Pennsylvania Society News," to be devoted to the interests of the Society and the Home.

Resolved, That, if expedient in its judgment, the said Board be authorized to keep a fund to be known as "The Publication Fund," to consist of 25 per cent of the membership fees.

(11)

Resolved, That the Board of Managers be authorized to appropriate a sum not exceeding ten (\$10) dollars, as a contribution by the Society toward the Moving-picture Fund of the National Association of the Deaf, in accordance with the suggestion in the President's annual address.

(12)

Resolved, That the President be authorized to carry out his idea of a Ladies' Auxiliary if expedient in his judgment.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Mr. Jacob D. Kirkhuff, a life-long friend of the deaf;

Resolved, That the deaf of Pennsylvania have lost a true and faithful friend whose teachings uplifted them both mentally and morally.

(14)

Resolved, That we record our approval of the President's eulogy of our fellow-member, Mr. R. M. Ziegler, in his annual address.

(15)

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the bill of Senator Owen for the establishment of a National Department of Health.

(16)

Resolved, That we record our lively appreciation of the valuable services rendered by our fellow-member, Mr. G. M. Teegarden, who has always taken a deep personal interest in the aims of the Society.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Mr. Teegarden, with our earnest prayer that he may live many more years of usefulness.

Thanks were also voted to the Local Committee, Berks County Branch, Prof. Downing (interpreter), County Commissioners for use of Court House, the Press and people of Reading, and the Vestry of Christ Church for use of parish house.

The resolution suggesting an anniversary offering for the Home at Harrisburg next year as a feature of the proposed celebration seemed to have struck a popular chord at the convention. It was while the resolution was under discussion that the enthusiasm ran high. Messrs. Allabough, Ziegler and Reider made earnest speeches in favor of the offering. Then money began to talk. Mr. William McKinney, of Philadelphia, in a few words, announced that he would give \$30.00, or one dollar for every year of the Society's existence, as a nucleus to the anniversary offering. The announcement was greeted with a tumult of applause. Mr. H. J. Haight rose up and said: "I will give \$30.00, also." More applause. Pledge after pledge was then made until the cash and pledges amounted to about \$350.

The trip to the observation tower on Mt. Penn on the evening of the second day was

another enjoyable side event. Some regret was expressed that the trip was taken at night instead of in the daytime. However, we would kindly remind such persons that it was so arranged in order to give the visitors an opportunity to see the city of Reading both by day and by night from a high vantage point. The night view of the city was simply beautiful; the myriads of electric lights resembled brightness and here and there furnaces added to the illumination by emitting volumes of fire and light. There are several buildings on top of the mount, including a large hotel, where Mr. Haight spent a couple of days. He speaks enthusiastically of the place and of the feast it affords to the eyes.

The third day was the last of the convention, but not the least in importance.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Smielau, in place of Rev. Mr. Dantzer, who had left for home that morning unknown to all but a few.

Much time at this session was consumed in reading discussing, and adopting resolutions, which we have already reported in a bunch.

The Committee on Nominations nominated B. R. Allabough, J. S. Reider and Charles Partington to succeed themselves as Managers, and F. C. Smielau to represent Central Pennsylvania. They were elected by acclamation, the Secretary casting the ballot.

The reorganization of the Board of Managers resulted as follows: President, James S. Reider, Philadelphia; First Vice-President, Thomas Breen, Philadelphia; Second Vice-President, Frank R. Gray, Allegheny; Secretary, Robert M. Ziegler, Philadelphia; Treasurer, Brewster R. Allabough, Wilkesburg. Harrisburg was selected as the next place of meeting, in 1911.

The closing scene of the convention was a pleasing one. In his final address, President Reider said: "Before we adjourn, I would like to say a few words. First, I want to congratulate you all on having had so profitable a convention. I consider that three of our most fruitful conventions have been held in this city. I remember that, at the first convention here, we decided to change the name of the society to the 'Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf;' then the next time we came here, we decided to establish a home for aged and infirm deaf, and began to gather a fund for the purpose; and now this meeting, the third here, has been signalled by a very unusual offering of \$350.00 as a starter to the special anniversary fund which we propose to raise and report at Harrisburg next year. I am delighted. I congratulate you all for this. Thank you all for your attention to business, and for your loyal support. I hope you all have enjoyed it here with us. The committee here made very good arrangements for your pleasure and comfort.

I want to say a word about this flag (holding up the silk American flag used in calling the convention to order). The blue ribbon streamer at the end represents the official color of the P.S.A.D. as does the blue badge which the members wear. The flag itself needs no introduction. Now, before adjourning, I wish to present this flag to the President of the new Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. John T. McDonough, and hope that she will use it to enthuse its members. (Applause).

Mrs. McDonough came forward to receive the flag and, waving it, spoke as follows:

"I accept this flag and promise to use it for the honor of the country and the benefit of the P. S. A. D." (Great applause).

Adjournment *sine die*.

J. S. Cox, who lives in the Ninneseah valley, south-east of Belle Plaine, Kansas, was in town Monday with a watermelon weighing 68¼ pounds. The big melon is now on exhibition in Gambrell's window.

II--The Change of Sentiment in Germany.

(Translated from the French by F. R. Gray.)

It is well known that Germany passes for the classic country the fatherland of the pure oral method, for it is there that the German Heinicke employed it to the greatest extent in public education and it was there that his successors, with hardly an exception, during more than a century made it the dominant method in numerous well equipped schools for the deaf, which flourished on the German soil under the protection of the most favorable compulsory education law.

However, from the time the deaf of Germany have taken cognizance of their own interests and have come to the conclusion that they ought to know how to manage their own affairs as well as other people, they have with rare exceptions, as in the case of pastor Sutermeister and Dr. Kunze, in their national congress and in their newspapers, always ranged themselves solidly in opposition to the exclusively oral method of education.

But I shall lay aside the opinions of the deaf of Germany. Our oralists in France would be apt to pass them by as of no consequence, as they do those of the deaf of France.

Besides, it will be recollected what success they met with in the time of the savage Renz, who, infuriated at the activity of the deaf in their own behalf, hurled that famous imprecation at them in which he demanded what right these invalids had to meet together and pass judgment upon their doctors and their nostrums. I brought out this point with energy amid the plaudits of fifteen hundred deaf people assembled in international congress in Chicago, and showed that every citizen, even though without professional standing, was fully competent to express an opinion concerning the method of education which had been experimented upon him.

For the present, the silent cohorts can only rest on their arms and patiently await the hour to strike.

Even in Germany, unexpected reinforcements have come to the front and have engaged in sharp skirmish-firing.

And these have been teachers!

And Heidsick was not one of them either!

The Heidsick, who fifteen years ago incurred the wrath of the entire German pedagogic fraternity by the violence of his attacks upon the oral method; this Heidsick who denounced the brutalities and nameless tortures to which certain teachers subjected their pupils in order to compel them to speak, cost what it might. This resulted in his being prosecuted and condemned to pay enormous fines which he would never have been able to pay, even with the generous assistance of the deaf of his own country, had not Edward Miner Gallaudet and the deaf of the United States in their enthusiasm at his boldness come to his aid by sending their dollars for his liberation.

Now the battle-scarred veteran is resting in peace.

But he was sure of the justice of his cause; it was without any surprise, but with the sincere pleasure of one seeing the lapse of time prove the correctness of his conclusions, that he has witnessed a movement which fully demonstrates the correctness of his theories.

In the first place, here is Mathias Schneider, a teacher in the institution at Brunswick, who has issued a magnificent pamphlet, a masterly treatise on psychology and philosophy, entitled *Das Denken und das Sprechen der Taubstummen* or the *Mental Process and Speech of the Deaf*, an examination of the true fundamental principles of education of the deaf, the key note to which is that by a sane and rational use of the sign-language one can succeed in teaching the deaf to speak well.

There, you see, is a conclusion little looked for by those who hold to the fetishism that in all cases where oralism is possible the employment of signs should be rigidly excluded.

Now, this Mathias Schneider is a well-known oralist. He was a colleague of Vatter of the celebrated pure oral school at Frankfort, of the Vatter

who allowed no questioning of the German national method. And for fifteen years this Mathias Schneider stubbornly upheld the doctrines of his master.

Why this sudden change of base which is creating such a furore among our neighbors across the Rhine?

For the sole and simple reason that Mr. Schneider is a man of sincerity who does not fear to speak with that frankness which is born of sincerity, that he is a man who really loves the deaf and desires to see a real improvement in their condition, and that he is a close observer and profound thinker.

One should read all of that treatise of his in which he demonstrates the error of those who assert that the deaf think in signs in the case where hearing people think in words; in which he indicates the veritable nature of the sign-language at a time he had no acquaintance with signs except with those found in Germany, which were the poorest specimens of signs I have ever come across, for the reason that in Germany the narrow-minded oralists have emasculated it of all those rich qualities of expansion and suppleness which constitute the charm of the French and American sign-language.

But where can the master be found in our country who will have the temerity to translate into French this treatise which points out to us the real fundamental principle of our education?

Without doubt the task would be onerous and thankless enough.

In the United States, where the better educated deaf experience no difficulty in learning several languages, a friend of mine, Mr. Paul Lange, a deaf teacher in the Wisconsin school, has undertaken the difficult task of translating Mr. Schneider's treatise for the *American Annals*. My acquaintance with German being very meagre, I have depended upon this translation in following out the ideas of the Brunswick teacher.

But it will be necessary to multiply indefinitely the telling points brought out by Mr. Schneider. The *Revue* would not have room for them. I shall confine myself to this one truth, which is a confirmation of what all the deaf have striven to outdo one another in proclaiming, and which adds emphasis to a remark made by Messrs. Binet and Simon in the course of their investigation.

Mr. Schneider takes up the question, so often discussed as to whether the sign-language is a logical one or not. He believes that the question itself and the answer to be made thereto are both out of place. However, he brings forward other points.

And he says: "With the deaf the power of the mind to form ideas operates as logically as it proceeds regularly with the hearing. If at all periods of his life a deaf person is considerably more barren of ideas than his hearing brother of the same age it is not because of his use of signs but because of his deafness, the language of signs is really the means by which he makes progress in mental growth. The formation of an idea requires life, rich, manifold life; it requires an active participation in the mental life of others; and this is exceedingly difficult for the deaf who is deprived of every favoring condition. The development of the mind requires the aid and guidance of others, and, on account of his deafness, the deaf person is left out in isolation. Is it surprising, therefore, if, in his efforts toward mental development, he makes slow, halting progress, and at times, when his strength gives out, he lapses into melancholy? While the hearing person is nimbly scaling the craggy heights and surveying the scenes of life in the glorious light of the sun, the deaf person mopes in a gloomy vale and only here and there catches a faint glimmering ray from the clear blue-sky.

Indeed, is not this an admirable instance of the recognition by an oralist, convinced by experience, of the divine power of the sign-language to unfold the mental capabilities of the deaf?

But Mr. Schneider goes still further?

Nothing is accomplished in the effort to suppress the sign-language except to begot recognition of the true nature of education of the deaf. When it is

shown that comprehension is always associated with formation of judgment and the perception of re-signs and that the movements of the thought is the lations is an operation conducted by means of gestures there is no longer any question of the folly of attempting to do away with signs, no power on earth is capable of driving out these gestures in these mental processes, and no one has a shadow of right to forbid the use of the language of signs. If in the intellectual life of the hearing person the operation of the sign has been reduced to a minimum and is only observable here and there, it is because it was brought on by the powerful influence of verbal language and the hearing. But does this verbal language exercise its influence also upon the deaf?

So you see, you should follow Mr. Schneider from beginning to end. But it is enough to know that he accords to the language of signs that place in our instruction which rightly belongs to it. And he adds that the most formidable hinderance to the development of the normally endowed deaf child is not the language of signs but is the verbalism, the formalism, the gramatical monstrosities and other pedagogicay superfluities to which so many and many of the teachers are addicted.

And after Schneider here comes Reuschert, another oralist and an instructor at the Royal Institution of Berlin.

Reuschert, however, differs from Schneider in that he would not countenance the aid of signs in the actual work of teaching speech to the deaf, a thing which he regards as detrimental to progress in learning to speak and to their diligence in reading on the lips.

It is in the *Revue belge des Sourds-Muets* of the learned the indefatigable Landrain, the most impartial and wide-awake of the reviews published in the French language, that one can follow, in the series of articles which Reuschert contributes thereto, the conclusion he has arrived at in regard to the sign-language.

It is from this source I shall make the most characteristic citations which show another phase of the change of sentiment among the best informed German educators.

And in the first place we quote the following declaration which sustains the contentions of the advocates of selection in methods, among whom we number ourselves along with Messrs. Binet and Simon.

"This aesthetic and sympathetic sensation of the phonetic side of language which the hearing person experiences is unknown to the deaf. It cannot therefore be expected that he should have that fondness for the spoken word which is so natural to the normal child.

One would have to look in vain in the literature of our speciality for reflections of this nature among the writers of an earlier day than the present. The demonstration of success in teaching the deaf to speak was sufficient for the representatives of the German school. For what might remain to be done they believed that they attained success when they could treat the school-room class as homogenous material which they might knead and fashion as desired, a way of thinking, be it said in passing, was the fundamental pinciple of pedagogy in those days. It was Dr. Dittes, if I am not mistaken, who, in his establishment first began to make a breach in this doctrine and to set up the idea in pedagogic circles that each pupil should be considered as a distinct individuality."

Now here comes what is one homage after another paid to the language of signs:

"Is it desirable that in many situations in life the deaf person should withdraw himself into a state of forced taciturnity, bridle his inclination to express his thought and withhold himself perhaps from an important communication under the pretext that he does not find himself under conditions favorable to making himself understood through speech? Assurdely, not. One will find it quite natural that he should have recourse without hesitation to the mode of expression most readily at his disposal.

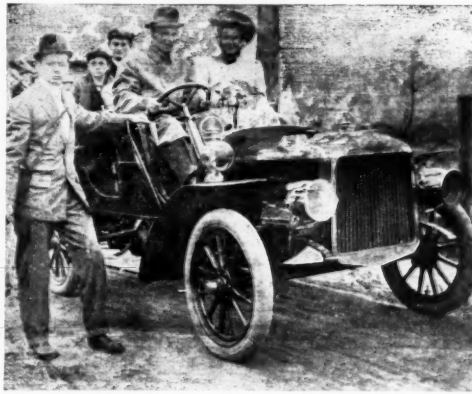
Could any one blame him for it. Would not we do the same thing if we were in his place? It would be a pretty tough proposition to forbid him to make any sign under any and all circumstances."

And further on:

"And if they are forbidden the use of signs, no intercourse can arise among them, and the younger ones will be unable to reap the benefit of the mental development of their older school-mates.

HENRI GAILLARD.

(To be continued)



DEAF MUTES' JOY RIDE.

Mr. Fred Lloyd, of Sidney, N. Y., at the pilot wheel, Mrs. Steere, his sister; Mr. Steere and their boy in the back seat; and Frank E. W. McMahon standing, taking the picture with a long rubber tube.

They had a sixty-mile ride from Binghamton to Owego and return. The automobile is owned by Fred Lloyd.

A Note From President Gallaudet

GALLAUDET COLLEGE,

JANUARY 12, 1910

DEAR MR. BOOTH:—In the *Association Review* for December I read:

"It was a notable statement and a most significant one, made at the Chicago meeting of the American Association by Dr. Crouter, to the Deaf and Dumb, of which he is the head, was henceforth to be conducted as an oral school."

Are congratulations in order to the Pennsylvania Institution that it has, in the twentieth century, reached the educational standard to which Samuel Heinicke attained in the eighteenth century?

If they are, it is to be hoped that the Pennsylvania Institution will in the near future follow the methods adopted in the school founded by Heinicke in Leipsic, and have its chapel exercises conducted in the sign language.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of addressing a large number of the graduates of the Leipsic school in the language of signs which is in use in this country, and on the same occasion the principal of the Leipsic school made an address in signs. When I inquired why he did this he replied that he used the sign language because speech would not be understood by many.

Yet the deaf people who were thus addressed had all been educated by the oral method.

On a recent visit to the Dresden School for the Deaf, where the methods of Heinicke are followed, I was shown into a beautiful chapel which had been built a short time before. I inquired of the principal how the chapel exercises were conducted. He replied, "We speak, but we use signs at the same time, for we find that few can understand the speech." And he added with a smile, "You see we have something of a combined system."

I indulge in the hope that in the fullness of time the oral schools in this country will be progressive enough to follow the example of the venerable schools of Leipsic and Dresden, and give their pupils

the pleasure and advantage of exercises and lectures that can be understood and enjoyed by all.

Yours very truly,

E. M. GALLAUDET.

Affections of the Nose and Throat the Chief Cause of Deafness

It has taken the medical world a great many years to discover that a loss of hearing is almost invariably caused by some disease of the throat or nose or both. But very recent reserches in these fields have demonstrated this fact beyond question, and it is now admitted by the more advanced medical men that, aside from rupture of the ear drum, there is scarcely a smyptom of defective hearing which is not traceable directly to the condition of the nose and throat. In View of the new discoveries, ear specialists, in some cases are beginning to fear that their occupation will be gone, save as they make their particular branch an assistant in further investigation. It is said, as we have recently pointed out, that the use of smelling salts is one of the most prolific causes of deafness, operating by weakening the olfactory nerves, and through them the auditory system. All strong and pungent odors should be avoided as far as possible, especially those which act upon the secretory processes, and, as the popular expression goes, "make the nose run."

The Sign Language Failed

He was spending a month or two in Vienna. He spoke English fluently, he spoke French a little, he could read Italian after a fashion, but he knew no Garman whatever. In Vienna one day his stylo-graphic pen (of the kind given away with a copy of a certain publication) had one of its chronic attacks of inertia. He blew into one end. He unscrewed it and breathed very violently through its tip. He tapped it gently but steadily on the blotting pad on his desk. He shook it in the air before him and behind him and all around him, but it made no mark. Then he walked the floor with it, and opened the window to throw it out. He raised up his voice and said words about it and cried aloud in his wrath. And, lo, when he was not expecting it, it flowed suddenly and profusely—not upon his letter paper, but upon the knees of a new pair of light tweed trousers!

Then he said more words, and he took the trousers, done up as nearly as possible to resemble a roll of music, to the scourer and cleaner in the next street. In order to explain that the stains were of ink, not of stove polish or blacking, he called the attention of the cleaner and scourer in charge to a bottle of writing fluid upon the nearest desk. He pointed at the ink, and he pointed at the spots. He nodded his head and said "sic" several times.

The scourer and cleaner in charge had a keen sense of the situation and replied, "Yah! Yah!" And they both smiled and felt that they understand each other, and that the cause of "confusion of tongues" had been overcome!

When his light tweed trousers were returned to him the next week, he found, to his dismay, that they were dyed a uniform inky black.

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SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, TRENTON, N. J.

"If you will think twice before you speak, you will do a good less speaking."



By Robert E. Maynard, Yonkers, N. Y.

Mystery of Silent Speech

UNDER the caption of "The Mystery of Silent Speech" the New York *World* of September 11th has a page of matter, illustrated profusely with cuts of Rev. F. W. Gilby, of St. Saviour's Church, London, in the act of signing sentence words. The signs used are distinctly English and foreign to the American users of signs and seem out of place to illustrate an article on church affairs in New York. The article certainly is a mystery of silent speech to the intelligent deaf of the metropolis and the further mystery is that the author's name is lacking. We will make a few quotations to show the trend of the author's mind, and comment on the same in the briefest manner:—

"The deaf and dumb of New York will have a church of their own before another year has elapsed. For many years there have been services for deaf mutes in many churches, but these services have been merely incidental and irregular. The church that is to be built for deaf mutes will be the first in New York to be used exclusively for the deaf and mutes."

Maybe "before another year has elapsed" the four millions of population in New York will know that a church exclusively for the deaf has existed in their city for more than forty years past, being founded by Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., deceased, the corporate title being "St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes". It exists to day on 148th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue, Rev. John Chamberlain is the Vicar, and Rev. John Henry Kaiser, the curate. It seems almost impossible that the fame and life work of the late Dr. Gallaudet could be so soon forgotten and right in the heart of the city where he labored so hard and long for many years. But the deaf are thankful that church histories and modern cyclopedias give truthful statements in regard to church foundation for deaf-mutes, and therefore those to whom the full mead of praise should be bestowed cannot be relieved of that honor by riff-raff writers in the sensational Sunday newspapers.

"The church is to be Roman Catholic. As there are more than twelve hundred deaf mutes of that faith in New York and its immediate vicinity, Father M. J. McCarthy, who will be its pastor, is confident that sufficient subscriptions will be raised to lay the cornerstone within the next few weeks. When it is completed it will be the first Roman Catholic Church for the deaf and dumb in the world."

This is a clearer and truer statement and the deaf in the whole country will glorify in its fulfilment. The wonder of all is that the great and powerful Church of Rome has not recognized the needs of its deaf communicants long before this. The Church is immensely rich while the deaf mostly are poor. If subscriptions from the deaf alone are to be relied upon, it is evident that a long, rough road will have to be traversed before a church for the catholic deaf can be consecrated, but Rev. McCarthy is built so strongly as regards will and determination that he will surmount all obstacles.

"The advantages of so rudimentary a sign language are great. It is easy to learn. A French-born mute can converse at once with an American-born mute, and large congregations of the non-hearing can be addressed. On the other hand, it is not possible to convey in it any close reasoning, and worst of all, it is not English, so that those who use it find themselves foreigners among their own kin. More than that, it is asserted by the articulation teachers that those who use the sign language are distinctly inferior mentally to those that have learned to talk, and they say that autopsies show that the brains of deaf mutes who use the sign language have fewer convolutions and are less highly organized than the brains of those who have learned to articulate.

The above is indeed mysterious reading. From extolling the virtues of the sign articulation, topping it all with what autopsies of deaf-mute brains show, all in one paragraph, as it is, all in one breath, is enough to startle the seven and seventy jarring sects. The subject of taking autopsies of deaf-mutes' brains to determine the value of the articulation or Oral Method and that of the sign language or Combined System is a new wrinkle and has the ear marks of originating among the oralists. However, there will be a lot of intelligent deaf educated mostly through the sign language willing to leave their brains in the hands of the scientists to prove the oralists wrong.

"At one time the sign language party in this country had all the best of it; but in such leading schools as the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb articulation is now taught, and the sign language is only tolerated. In fact, there is a spirited war being waged between the two camps. It is generally admitted, however, that the sign language had best be learned after articulation has been mastered. Most deaf mutes use both."

After articulation has been mastered then learn the sign language! Very good advice to the Pure Oralists, thank you. And we may add—after learning the sign language start all over again to learn reading, writing, arithmetic, history and literature, etc., finally going to college. Bless the sign language and its wonderful power of helpfulness to backward pupils. But we ask the unbelieving and unthinking not to bless it until they have learned articulation first.

Again and again and still again—

"Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white on a sullen sea,
Shadows rising for you and me,
Good-bye Summer, good-bye."

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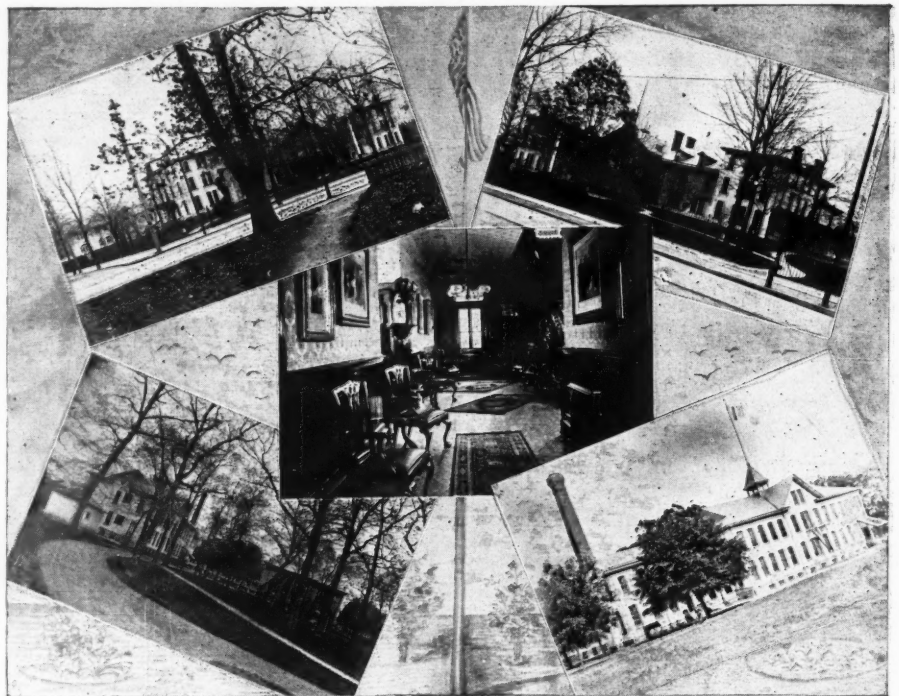
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